The Outlook

Vol. 75 October 24, 1903 No. 8

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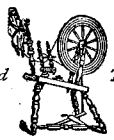

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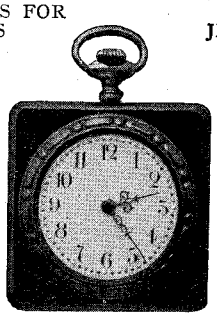

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The Outlook

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The Tammany Campaign in New York

There were no startling changes in the New York situation last week. The Brooklyn Democratic revolt against the Tammany ticket grew weaker, as was anticipated, but did not disappear. Its effects were seen in the decreased registration in Democratic wards, while in the Fusion wards the totals were much larger than in 1901. In the other boroughs there was also a larger registration than in the last mayoralty campaign, but the figures indicated nothing as to the result except the great popular interest in it. At the ratification meetings held by both parties all the candidates for city offices made addresses. Mayor Low's address was particularly effective in its treatment of his associate, Comptroller Grout, now on the Tammany ticket. Instead of adopting an attitude of bitter denunciation, he humorously recalled Mr. Grout's declaration two years ago that Tammany was a "stench," and said that it appeared to be a kind of "revolving stench." With revolving lights sometimes you see them and sometimes you do not, and so with this revolving stench, sometimes you smell it and sometimes you do not. But the only times you do not smell Tammany are when it is out of power, and therefore, said Mr. Low, it is obviously good policy to keep it out of power. At the Tammany meeting all the addresses consisted mainly of appeals to party feeling, coupled with attempts to show that Mayor Low's administration had been a partisan one. The more plausible arguments used are considered at length in our editorial on "The One Issue Joined." Mr. McClellan made one departure from the chosen line of argument by charging that the Fusion administration had not carried out its pledge to provide schools with seats enough for all the children. Over eighty thousand, he declared, had been left unprovided for. Superintendent Maxwell has made a brief reply to this charge, pointing out that, by renting rooms outside of school-houses and arranging half-day sessions for little children, every child applying for admission to the schools had been given a seat. Furthermore, he adds, the facts that these seats are not all in school-houses and that full-day sessions are not provided for all the children are due to the extraordinary length of time required to complete the new buildings during the labor troubles, and to the smallness of the Tammany appropriations for new schools during its régime. What Fusion has done shows in the large number of new buildings begun; what Tammany had failed to do shows in the few new buildings finished. Fortunately, Tammany's open criticism of the school policy of the administration will not seriously influence the voters, as they themselves know what is being done for their children. Unfortunately, however, Tammany is making, through irresponsible mouthpieces, another criticism which may have more influence unless its falsity is aggressively exposed. It is charging that the recent rise in rents, general throughout the city, is due to the increase in taxes under the Fusion administration. As a matter of fact, this rise in rents has slowly followed a rise three times as great in the price of building materials. Taxes under the Fusion administration have been decreased, and decreased most largely in the poorer sections of the city, which were as a rule the worst sufferers from the old system of assessing prop-

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erty according to pressure instead of according to law.

❀

District Attorney Jerome and Fusion

One of the interesting features, perhaps the most interesting feature, of the New York municipal campaign during the past week was the re-entry into the Fusion movement of District Attorney Jerome. We say re-entry because many people felt that after his persistent and bitter, although frank and sincere, attack upon Mayor Low, his vigorous and outspoken attempt to prevent his renomination, and his complete discomfiture in this attempt, he would not—and perhaps could not—be found in the thick of the fight against Tammany, as he was two years ago; and The Outlook shared these doubts. Mr. Jerome's re-entry has fulfilled his promise to support the Fusion ticket, however his personal opposition to Mr. Low might be taken, and has demonstrated that The Outlook was mistaken in its judgment then expressed, that "it is not a matter of grave importance whether he takes any part in the municipal campaign or not." Two years ago he was the color-bearer in the battle, and, it is not too much to say, won the fight, if that may be said of any single individual, by the indomitable personal faith and courage which he showed and which rallied about him the forces of good citizenship and decent government. That the qualities of heart, mind, and conscience which made him a leader then were deep-seated in his character is indicated by the eloquent and effective speech which he made before a crowded and enthusiastic audience at an anti-Tammany mass-meeting in Cooper Union on Tuesday evening of last week. It is not an easy thing, as the present political attitude and spirit of Comptroller Grout indicates, for a man to sink his personal feelings for the good of a great cause. Mr. Jerome has done this; and while all those who have the success of the Fusion movement in this city at heart welcome his active participation in the campaign, The Outlook believes that there is something of greater service to New York in the stand which Mr. Jerome is now taking than his active political work. The thing of value is the spirit of fine citizenship which he has displayed. Mr. Grout was overruled, not to say "turned down," politically by his associates, and he has gone over to the opposition. Mr. Jerome was just as vigorously overruled and "turned down" by his associates, and he has stayed in the fight. This is a good and appropriate time, perhaps, to retell the story told by a great teacher of good citizenship nearly two thousand years ago:

> But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. And he answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented himself, and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: and went not. Whether of the twain did the will of his father?

❀

Tammany Campaigns Elsewhere

In Rhode Island and Indianapolis two notable campaigns have been going on, conducted upon Tammany lines, but with Republicans instead of Democrats as the conductors. In both the Eastern State and the Western city the Republicans are in a large majority on National issues, and the Republican organization in each case has been appealing to National party feeling in order to defeat local reforms. In Rhode Island the Republican organization has taken a further leaf out of the Tammany guide-book, by arraigning the reformers for defaming the State when they expose the corruption that needs to be healed. In Indianapolis the Republican organization's appeal to party loyalty to save itself from rebuke secured for it, unfortunately, the support of both the United States Senators for Indiana, but ex-Attorney-General Miller, of President Harrison's Cabinet, refused to be controlled by such misplaced partisanship, and vigorously supported the reform movement. This movement was directed by a Citizens' League nearly all of whose members were Republicans; and their hostility to the Republican city administration seeking re-election could not be attributed to Democratic partisanship. Its appeal to the voters was substantially upon the same lines as that of the Citi-

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zens' Union to the voters of New York. "Shall Indianapolis," it asked, "have decent, economical government, with an equal enforcement of laws? or shall her taxpayers be plundered for the benefit of corrupt rings and grafters, while her police force and court officials dispense favors to lawbreakers in return for corrupt contributions of money and political influence?" The election took place last week, and the city, which is Republican on National issues by a plurality of four thousand, gave a plurality of one thousand for the Democratic ticket. Even this plurality for the minority party did not show the full strength of the revolt. Over five thousand reformers cast their votes for the Prohibition ticket. The repudiation of National partisanship as a shield for local corruption continues to gain strength wherever the voters are convinced of the sincerity of the non-partisan movement.

❀

Lynchers Indicted In contrast to the refusal of the Grand Jury in Delaware to indict any of those accused of participating in the lynching of George White is the account which reaches us from Tennessee, where a Grand Jury has indicted twenty-two members of a lynching mob. There seems to have been little or no doubt of the guilt of the negro Small, accused of an atrocious assault. His crime was committed in Moore County; he was brought to Nashville for safe-keeping, but afterwards removed to Lynchburg, and here, on the night of September 24, the mob broke open the jail and overpowered the sheriff, who made a vigorous resistance, wounding several of the mob. The sheriff was assisted by the town marshal and a small body of citizens, but in the end the mob prevailed and their victim was shot in his cell. When the matter came before the Grand Jury, Judge Higgins delivered an earnest charge declaring that the mob had been guilty not only of murder but of treason, that there was no excuse or justification in this case, and he charged the jury to show courage and to use the utmost diligence in bringing to trial the men who composed the mob. The direct result of this charge was, as we have stated, the finding of twenty-two indictments, while our informant adds the remarkable circumstance that the entire Lynchburg bar refused to defend any member of the mob, while several of them volunteered for the prosecution. As a Southern demonstration of respect for law and order the action of the Lynchburg Grand Jury deserves recognition and praise.

❀

Ex-Secretary Long and President Roosevelt Many newspapers throughout the country have lately been giving a good deal of attention both in their news and editorial columns to the last article of the series which ex-Secretary Long has been contributing to The Outlook on "The New American Navy." Our readers will remember that this final article is one of personal reminiscences, in the course of which Mr. Long gives a picture of the personality and work of President Roosevelt while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The newspapers have read into these reminiscences a criticism of the President by Mr, Long, basing their interpretation upon the following sentence: "Just before the war, he, as well as some naval officers, was anxious to send a squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers of the Spanish fleet, while we were yet at peace with Spain." It seems to us that it ought to be perfectly apparent to the intelligent reader that this sentence means, not that Mr. Roosevelt wished to sink Spanish ships while we were yet at peace with Spain, but that previous to the actual declaration of war he wished to have a fleet sent across the Atlantic to be in readiness for an attack upon the Spanish naval forces after hostilities were begun in accordance with international law. Those who know Mr. Long and his personal and official relations with his colleagues know that veiled criticism is the last thing the recent head of the navy would indulge in toward either a subordinate or a superior. Mr. Roosevelt's energetic and efficient enthusiasm as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was common knowledge at the time, and we think that the readers of Mr. Long's

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article will understand it to be—as it was intended to be—a presentation of more evidence of the President's force and strength of character and purpose. In amplification of Mr. Long's historical statement, it may be added that war was then right upon us; that time was pressing; that many leading officers shared Mr. Roosevelt's view; that he regarded the coming of the Spanish fleet as a cause or forerunner of war, and that he was the more inclined to his views since the ultimate responsibility was not then upon him as it is now. Such responsibility makes a man more conservative. It was under that responsibility that President McKinley and his Cabinet were of the opinion that no act which could be construed as hostile was in order until war was formally declared. The very fact that Secretary Long urged Mr. Roosevelt "strenuously," as he himself says, to remain in the navy indicates that Mr. Long's opinion of Mr. Roosevelt's value and ability was strengthened rather than weakened by his bearing as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the trying and exacting period immediately preceding the declaration of war.

❀

Japan and Russia The most spectacular action on the part of Russia last week was a review at Port Arthur by the new Viceroy of the Far East of no less than seventy-six thousand soldiers, the greatest single force which Russia has ever concentrated at any one point in Asia. This force, massed on the plains outside the town, included infantry, cavalry, and artillery, every infantry regiment being partly mounted, in accordance with the recent regulations. Abundant opportunity to witness the display was given to foreigners, and the statements of Russian officers regarding the total force were verified by visiting experts. It was also officially announced that the Russian troops within easy operating distance of Port Arthur had been increased to a hundred thousand men. The strength of the Russian army in the Far East is reported now to be over two hundred and eighty thousand men; it may be that this number includes some of the force which is being despatched from Russia proper. The military authorities have significantly forbidden the wives of officers of this latest reinforcement to proceed to Asia to join their husbands. Special trains conveying commissary supplies, medicaments, and surgeons' materials have been started from St. Petersburg for Manchuria, and the War Ministry is said to have demanded an extra credit for present military preparations of twenty-five million rubles (about $12,500,000). It is believed by many Russian authorities that the result of these thoroughgoing movements has been for the moment to overawe and check Japan. Events have thus moved in about the way which most observers expected they would move. It is fairly easy to see how Russia expects to make history. But the questions still remain, Will Japan interrupt that procedure when it touches Korea? If the interruption comes, will it be effective?

❀

Japan and China Last week a commercial treaty between China and Japan was signed which may have some influence on the Russo-Japanese situation. The treaty opens Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and one other point to Japanese commerce. China's opening of the Manchurian capital to Japan while Russia has not yet evacuated Manchuria is significant of friendly feeling for Japan, and may possibly tend to ameliorate one of the differences between Japan and Russia. It is believed that neither Power really desires war, not only on account of the serious financial difficulties in the way of each, but also because of doubt respecting the course China would take. In the opinion of the newspaper correspondents at Chifu, however, the newly equipped Chinese troops would ultimately ally themselves with Japan rather than with Russia. A reason for this belief undoubtedly is in the relations which have developed between Japan and China in matters of education. The Chinese Government has now officered the Imperial University at Peking with Japanese professors, besides sending two thousand students from all parts of China to the University at

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Tokyo. Any pro-Japanese feeling may be strengthened by the warning last week from M. Lessar, the Russian Minister to China, to Prince Ching, Chinese Foreign Minister, that if China persisted in rejecting Russia's demands, the occupation of Manchuria would be made permanent. No steps have been taken looking towards the evacuation of the province, and the official Russian journal at Port Arthur, the editor of which is a colonel on the Viceroy's staff, says that no steps will be taken. Here again events have occurred as most observers of Russian politics expected they would occur.

❀

The Anglo-French Treaty

Last week the Anglo-French Arbitration Treaty was signed in London by the Marquis of Lansdowne, British Foreign Secretary, and M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador. The treaty recognizes the principle of arbitration by the agreement to submit to the Hague International Tribunal all differences of a judicial order, or such as relate to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties, which cannot be settled by the ordinary means of diplomacy. *But* this agreement only holds, provided that the differences do not involve either the vital interests or the independence or honor of the two contracting parties, and provided that they do not affect the interests of a third Power. It is gratifying to chronicle the definite recognition of the principle of arbitration by two nations which for centuries have lived often as enemies or in a state of armed neutrality, rarely as friends. As the French say, "it is the first step that costs," and we might add, "and that counts." The first and the most important step has now been taken towards forming a friendship between hitherto estranged neighbors. It is true that they must still be separated by a thousand differences in physical and social life, in language and in religion, but the new treaty will constitute some bond of union, no matter how vague or elastic, which should serve as the first strand of the bridge to bring together Powers which have too long been kept apart by a gulf deeper than the English Channel. Secondly, the signing of the new treaty constitutes a distinct recognition of the value of the Hague Tribunal. On the other hand, we regret that the treaty is so narrow in scope as apparently not to be applicable to all present outstanding questions between England and France. It should, however, include that of the Newfoundland fisheries.

❀

Pius X.'s First Encyclical

On Sunday of this week the text of Pope Pius X.'s first general encyclical letter directed to the archbishops, bishops, and other heads of the Roman Catholic hierarchy reached this country. After an assertion of his own unworthiness to assume his high office, the new Pope declares that the first duty of the Church is to win men back to a belief in God. He expatiates on the skepticism of the age and calls on the bishops to help him in combating it. First of all, prelates must foster the theological seminaries and see that none but good priests come out of them. Proper religious instruction for the flocks must then be provided, and Pius X. warns the bishops that "no means is more efficacious than charity," and "it is vain to hope to attract souls to God by a bitter zeal." Finally, the Pope sums up the ways in which the laity can help in this work. ——Coincidently with this comes a despatch announcing that the Pope has appointed Monsignor Merry del Val Papal Secretary of State—the office which forms the medium of communication between the Papacy and foreign courts. Monsignor Merry del Val is a Spaniard by nationality, but was born in London, and, having been educated for the most part in Great Britain, speaks English without the slightest accent. He also speaks fluently Spanish, French, and Italian. His father was once Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, after having previously represented Spain at London, Washington, and Vienna. The new State Secretary, although young in years for the post, has been recognized as an expert in ecclesiastical law and as an able orator. In appearance he is a handsome, stately man, but he seems more

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an Englishman than a Latin ecclesiastic. Six years ago he was appointed Papal Ablegate to Canada, his principal mission being to advise a solution for the difficulties in connection with the Manitoba school question. At the recent Conclave of Cardinals he was chosen secretary, and at the close, in accordance with tradition, offered the white zuchetto, or skull-cap, to the new Pope. It was said at that time that the Pope in return might make him Cardinal, but few supposed that he would be made Cardinal (as he will be at the next consistory) and also Secretary of State. The appointment of a man of such well-known liberal and democratic tendencies as the new Secretary will hardly please all the members of the Sacred College; they may regard it as an indication that Pius X. thought no Cardinal quite fit for the secretaryship. In the opinion of most men, however, the selection is a wise one, and demonstrates the new Pontiff's independence of character.

❀

The Dowie Host in New York City

New York dearly loves a new sensation. Its excitement usually subsides as rapidly as it appears, and the sensation of yesterday becomes the bore of to-morrow. Whether, then, Dowie's long-threatened "invasion" with its three thousand crusaders will make any kind of permanent impression on the multitude of the metropolis, whether it will win volunteers for the branch "Zion" which Dowie hopes to establish in the vicinity of New York, or whether he will not find a wall of indifference, a lack of credulity, and the prevalence of common sense over tendencies to emotionalism and fanaticism, remains to be seen. Madison Square Garden was crowded last Sunday to hear "Elijah," or rather to see what he and his host were like, for a surprisingly large part of the audience left the building when they found that they were in for a set sermon and religious service. At all events, the "invasion" is a proof of Dowie's shrewd appreciation of advertising; no more striking way of calling the public attention to himself could be devised than this simultaneous movement in many special trains of three thousand people all implicitly obeying their leader's will. The reason why "John the Baptist II.," a long-time would-be rival of Dowie, stands mournfully on the street corner, with none to do him reverence, while "Elijah" parades himself like a king before thousands of subjects (for they are little else), is that the latter understands human nature and is a born organizer, the former is merely a self-centered crank. Last year The Outlook printed an article describing Dowie, his methods, and his hold upon his people as seen by an observer, who noted particularly in the services the theatrical devices for concentrating attention upon the ruling personage, the actual and evident pleasure with which the audience submitted to his domineering arrogance, the prominence given without disguise even in the hour of worship to the pushing of Zion's great business enterprises, and the exhibition of "trophies" of converts cured by miracle—crosses made of hot-water bags, medicine-bottles arranged to spell the word drugs, and decorations composed of discarded rosaries. In these four things are found the secret of Dowie's power: he knows how to amuse men by novel display; he knows how to satisfy the strange yet common longing to submit to absolute authority, to have some one else think and decide and order; he has great business sagacity; he claims to cure diseases, not by philosophy, but by direct miracle based on personal faith in himself. In short, he plays on men's weakness with high skill and astounding self-confidence. He has been described as a rare combination of unctuousness and business sagacity. He has established a theocracy which is also a manufacturing industry. His claims to inspiration and to be the recipient of the prophetic mantle of Elijah by reincarnation are not only puerile, but are little more than burlesque, and of late he seems to be throwing a cloud of fog about these pretensions which may indicate that he is preparing to discard them. With minds of a certain order he is successful because he first dazzles them by his imperious assertions; then amuses them by

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uniforms, banners, offices, promotions, and liturgies; and finally bribes them, so to speak, by promising them to cure their diseases in this world and giving them special assurance of joy in the world to come. It ought in justice to be added that austere morality (including abstinence from drink, tobacco, and the theater) is not only preached but enforced, and that in many respects the religion preached is that to be found in any sincere Christian church.

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The Law as to "Divine Healing"

The sensation excited by the Dowie invasion of New York has lent additional interest to an important decision of the New York State Court of Appeals just made public. The case began with a charge against a Mr. Pierson, of White Plains, New York, of neglect to afford proper medical attendance to a young girl, his adopted daughter. This neglect resulted in the girl's death. Mr. Pierson, at the time, was a member of Dowie's sect, and was himself described as a "divine healer." It is understood that Dowie, as "General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church," furnished the funds to carry the appeal from the lower court; but recently Pierson is stated to have renounced the "Prophet Elijah Second," and the latter in turn has refused to furnish funds for legal purposes. The Court of Appeals confirms the action of the lower court in imposing a fine of $500 upon Pierson, and, what is of real public importance, asserts that no citizen has a constitutional right to follow his own beliefs as to medical treatment of a child, if his beliefs involve the refusal to take proper advice or to summon medical aid when ordinary prudence dictates that course. In short, fanaticism of parents and guardians is not to be allowed to endanger the life of helpless children. Religious liberty does not include the right to kill by ignorance. There is, of course, the possibility of an appeal to the Federal Courts, but in this case it is not expected. In other cases, growing out of Christian Science methods, an appeal has been taken to the Federal Courts on constitutional grounds, and it is believed that these cases will be carried up for decision to the United States Supreme Court. An opinion from that final source of legal authority will probably have the effect of settling some nice points regarding the limits of personal freedom, and will be the more welcome, as a New Hampshire decision is said to controvert the positions taken by the New York Court of Appeals.

❀

The Inauguration of Dr. Patton

On Wednesday of last week Dr. Francis L. Patton was inaugurated as President of Princeton Theological Seminary. When Dr. Patton was President of Princeton University, he was high in the councils of the Presbyterian Church; his academic and ecclesiastical standing peculiarly fits him for the position he now has taken at the head of the University's sister institution. At his installation Dr. Patton delivered an inaugural on "Theological Encyclopedia"—that is, to put it untechnically, the subject matter of theological education, its departments and their interrelation. In the course of this address he declared that the root of all valid Christian theology is the incarnation. Given the incarnation, together with the resurrection of Christ, "then sin, the atonement, and justification follow." But let the incarnation be eliminated, "then your religion is an emotional morality, associated with the name of Jesus, of whom you still speak in the language made sacred by long use and early association; but in its last analysis it is a moral philosophy in competition with other moral philosophies. . . . I am far from saying that apart from dogmatic Christianity there is no valid ground for theistic ethic. But the motive that will make a man fight for his hearthstone and his home in support of that theistic ethic is his abiding faith in the Incarnate Christ. . . . In the defense of supernatural Christianity everything is at stake, and this is the reason that the crisis in which we are to-day is the greatest war of intellect that has ever been waged since the birthday of the Nazarene." In these somewhat technical words Dr. Patton states two points

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which in the humanitarian enthusiasm of modern religious activity need to be emphasized: first, that religion without God is dead, and therefore the incarnation, that is, the entrance of God into human life, is the source of Christian life; second, that a vague belief in a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness will not inspire men, but only a personal relation to One who embodies that Power. We believe that the outcome of the present religious turmoil will be a profounder and clearer faith in a God who is in his world.

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Meeting of the American Board

The ninety-fourth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions last week at Manchester, New Hampshire, drew together a large attendance. The many-sided work conducted by its twenty missions in many countries is exhibited in part by its twenty-eight hospitals and forty-two dispensaries, treating quarter of a million patients last year; by its thirteen colleges, with five thousand students, to which the "Institute of St. Paul" at Tarsus is soon to be added; by its industrial schools, the most recent addition to its operations, in one of which four hundred boys devote half of each school day to mechanical arts. The various mission presses produce together about 100,000 pages daily. Self-support to the limit of ability is so inculcated that the churches now organized in the several fields of the Board contributed last year over $170,000 to the support of the work among them. Nearly six thousand members were added to these churches last year, an average of slightly more than eleven to each. This year again the gratifying statement of no debt was made, though with this must be coupled the fact that the natural growth of the work is often sadly restricted by lack of means to enter open doors. The year's offerings amount to $719,000. Ten per cent. more would double the present work, in some fields would quadruple it. Great interest attached to the address of President Hall, of Union Seminary, based on his recent experience as Haskell lecturer before audiences of educated Hindus in the chief cities of India. Dr. Hall held that Christian missions, while recognizing the defects and moral weakness of the ethnic religions, must learn to approach them with a generous appreciation of their merits and a tender respect for forms of religious experience alien from our own. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, spoke of foreign missions as a grand method of deepening our sense of humanity. Dr. J. H. House, of Salonika, illustrated from his own experience the peril now faced by American missionaries in Macedonia, and repeated the testimony of a Bulgarian official to the debt Bulgaria owes them. The following resolution was unanimously adopted: "We urge that our Government persist in the effort to secure from the Turkish Government the authoritative concession of the same rights and privileges to American citizens and American institutions in Turkey as have already been granted to the men and the institutions of France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and England; using all legitimate means for the accomplishment of this object, including the retention of the present naval force in Turkish waters until this concession is accomplished." Dr. Samuel B. Capen, of Boston, was re-elected as President. The Twentieth Century Fund now amounts to nearly $122,000. The next meeting is to be at Grinnell, Iowa.

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The Methodist Missionary Convention

Methodists share the movement apparent in other branches of the Church for a revival of missionary zeal and enterprise. The country has been divided into seven districts for this purpose, and a field secretary placed in charge of each. Some three thousand delegates from the northeastern district, representing the Conferences from Maine to West Virginia, were assembled in convention last week in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the "Open Door Emergency Commission." The purpose was mainly inspirational, in view of the difficulties at home and abroad in the way of evangelizing the world. Bishop Fowler spoke

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eloquently on "Missions and World Movements," with large reference to the latter. Dr. H. K. Carroll held that in Christian home missionary work for the development of the sentiment of human brotherhood lies the solution of our race problem. Besides the crowded Convention meetings, sectional conferences were held, representing severally the Presiding Elders, the pastors, the laymen, the women's societies, the Epworth League, the Sunday-schools, etc. In view of the $300,000 subscribed at Cleveland a year ago, the missionary treasury is likely to benefit by this Convention. Last year the total sum expended on missions outside the United States was $736,000. Some twenty of these missions are on non-Christian grounds. In all Methodist missions educational interests are effectively pressed. The Minister of Public Instruction in Argentina lately inquired of bankers and mercantile houses why they preferred to employ young men from the Methodist schools rather than from the public schools. They replied that they found them more honest and trustworthy. The President of the Anglo-Chinese (Methodist) College at Fuchau related similar testimony. A Chinese said to him: "I can have my son as well taught in the modernized government schools as in yours without cost. I prefer to pay you for his tuition, not because of your religion—I don't care for that—but because of your ethics, which I find nowhere else."

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Sorata Some weeks ago in these columns we announced, incorrectly as it now appears, that Miss Annie S. Peck had successfully carried out her attempt to ascend Sorata, the highest peak of the Bolivian Andes and probably the highest mountain on this side of the globe. Our announcement was based on a despatch from Albuquerque which appeared in many of the prominent papers of this country. The despatch stated positively that the feat had been accomplished. It was evidently not sent by Miss Peck, and its origin is unknown. From letters now received by The Outlook from Miss Peck, it appears that a vigorous attempt was made to climb the mountain, but that the inclemency of the weather, sickness in the party, and the refusal of the Indians to carry the provisions beyond a certain inadequate height, compelled Miss Peck to abandon the attempt.

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The Discovery of Radium The attention of the scientific world is to-day centered upon a discovery recently made by a Polish woman, Madame Sklodowska-Curie. That discovery is of the substance known as radium, and it is no exaggeration to say that to Madame Curie is due the knowledge of a new element which apparently refuses to obey some of the carefully arranged laws of science, and even threatens to compel a complete revision of scientific teachings unquestioned for decades. Briefly, the facts of the remarkable discovery are as follows: A French chemist named Becquerel had accidentally placed a sensitive photographic plate wrapped in light-proof paper in a drawer with a piece of the phosphorescent salt of the element uranium. Several days later it occurred to him to develop the plate, and to his amazement he found that, in spite of the darkness of the drawer and in spite of the light-proof envelope, the plate had been affected. Subsequent investigations proved that the uranium rays resembled the so-called X-rays in their power to penetrate apparently opaque objects. Becquerel confined his attention to uranium, not dreaming that almost within his grasp was one of the most important discoveries of the age. It was at this hour that Madame Curie was led to the study of uranium compounds and luminous substances. A woman of brilliant scientific attainment, she brought a well-developed mind to the work. She began an exhaustive research of the residue of pitchblende, a peculiar black ore found in Bohemia, Saxony, Cornwall, and Colorado, from which uranium is derived. Assisted by her husband, also a scientist, Madame Curie thoroughly examined a specimen of Bohemian pitchblende residue utterly devoid of uranium, and found it much more active than any uranium salt. It

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was clear from this that energetic substances never even thought of remained to be identified. The search of this remarkable woman scientist resulted in the discovery of two elements. One she named "polonium," after the land of her birth; the other was christened "radium." Both were found to be "radio-active"—a word invented by Madame Curie. The details of her investigations are interesting. In the first place, she had to secure several tons of pitchblende residue. This enormous mass was found to contain nearly all the metals to a greater or less degree. It was necessary to separate such different metals as lead and calcium sulphate, silica, iron oxide, aluminum, copper, bismuth, zinc, cobalt, antimony, niobium, barium, nickel, tantalium, arsenic, and others. Finally, after much costly chemical work, the Curies reduced the pitchblende residue into portions containing different elements. These were separately exposed to photographic plates wrapped in light-proof paper for the purpose of isolating those which were radio-active. The active substances were concentrated by arduous processes, until at last a few hundredths of a grain of enormously active radium were obtained.

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Radium's Properties and Possibilities

The accepted theory of radium is that it is an element that shoots off particles of itself into space at such terrific speed that 100,000 miles a second is considered a low estimate. Notwithstanding the fact that this waste goes on continually and at such enormous velocity, the actual loss is almost nothing. One result of this marvelous emission of particles is the maintenance of heat three degrees higher than the air which surrounds it. It has been proved that radium not only possesses this remarkable property, but that its rate of heat-emission remains unchanged regardless of the temperature of the element which surrounds it. In other words, there is no perceptible variation when the air that surrounds it is 90 degrees or that of —312 F., when air becomes liquid. So wonderful is this element given to the world by Madame Curie that the most brilliant scientific investigators both here and abroad are putting forth the greatest systematized efforts to discover new properties. Conjectures that seem wildly improbable are daily made public, yet it cannot be denied that radium has extraordinary possibilities. It is so highly luminous that print can be read by its light, and, curiously enough, it possesses the power of imparting its own luminosity to other bodies which in their normal state are quite inactive. So powerful is the photographic action of radium that it is capable of penetrating black paper and other opaque objects as readily as sunlight passes through clear glass. Held against the temple of a blind man, radium will so affect the retina that the sensation of light is produced. Applied to the nerve-centers of small animals, the rays paralyze and ultimately kill. As this deadly effect can be produced with a minute speck, it can easily be understood that radium in any quantity would be disastrous to human beings. Professor Curie even asserts that he would not venture into a room containing two or three pounds of the element for fear that his eyesight would be destroyed, his skin burnt, and possibly he would be fatally stricken. Radium destroys the germinating power of seeds, kills the larvæ of butterflies, and has such a bactericidal effect that it has been used to good purpose in the treatment of skin diseases and even in cancer. Its power of causing other bodies to become luminous renders it invaluable in the testing of precious stones. By its aid diamonds are rendered phosphorescent and can thus be readily distinguished from paste imitations, which are not so sensitive to the rays. Recent writers on the subject have gone so far as to say that a pound of radium uncontrolled would annihilate the earth, that in smaller portions it would aid in the transmutation of metals, that it may solve the problem of light without heat, perfect wireless communication, and achieve possibilities still beyond the horizon of our knowledge. Many hypotheses have been advanced to explain the wonderful manifestations of radium. It is considered certain that part of the emanations are streams or torrents of material particles infinitely

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smaller than the atom, which until now has been considered the smallest subdivision of matter, projected incessantly by the substance itself with a speed of at least one hundred thousand miles a second. Beyond this fact little is known. It is yet to be determined what property of matter permits any form of it to maintain a practically eternal energy in expelling a stream of fragments of its own mass so small that they cause no appreciable loss in weight, and what is the form of th ematter thus projected.

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The Hibbert Journal

The regret that was widely felt at the suspension of the "New World," because of financial embarrassment, some two years since, was mitigated by the appearance, a year ago, in London, of the "Hibbert Journal, a Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy." As an open forum for able men of every school to meet in that interchange of thought which is indispensable to the quest for truth, it fills a place of large importance in the English-speaking world. Its editorial board includes names distinguished in literature, in science, in Biblical criticism, in theology, in philosophy. Its American editorial representatives are Professors Fenn, of Harvard, and Howison, of the University of California.

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The New York Campaign

The One Issue Joined

Twenty years ago, when a possible war between Russia and England was under discussion, a Russian statesman observed that it would be a battle between a hound and a turtle. If fought on land, Russia would have an easy victory; but if fought at sea, his country would at once be overwhelmed. Neither combatant could meet the other in the other's element.

The present campaign in New York City is a similar contest. On the dry land of administration records Tammany dare not meet Fusion; on the seas of partisan feeling Fusion dare not meet Tammany. Each party, therefore, has been fighting to force the conflict in the element where it is supreme. Tammany has appealed to partisanship, while Fusion has appealed to the record; and these appeals have been on such different planes that only one issue has been squarely joined. This issue is whether the Fusion record shows a partisan administration.

Upon this issue, of course, the attack of the Democratic organization has been against Mayor Low, who is a Republican in National politics and is therefore alleged to have been controlled by partisan considerations in his administration of the city. This charge is based on three specifications: first, that he presided at a Republican mass-meeting a year ago, in favor of Governor Odell; second, that he gave his approval to the Republican excise law increasing license fees; and, third, that he appointed General Greene as head of the Police Department.

I. It is true that in the State campaign a year ago Mr. Low did take part by presiding at a Republican mass-meeting in support of Governor Odell. This act was distinctly impolitic, for while consistent with the theory that municipal politics ought to be distinct from State politics and that city officials, whether Republican or Democratic, ought to be free to champion their political beliefs regarding State affairs, it should have been borne in mind that this theory is not yet accepted in any city by the party which suffers from its acceptance. The fact that the Democratic members of the Fusion administration entered into the State campaign to reassert the partisanship they had subordinated in the city campaign did not entirely justify the Republican members thereof in entering the State campaign to reassert a partisanship they had not subordinated in the city campaign. The incident, however, was of minor importance and would be well-nigh forgotten did it not lend itself to misrepresentation on the part of those who wish to believe that non-partisanship in city affairs is impossible. Mayor Jones, of Toledo, took a still more prominent part in Mr. Bryan's campaign against imperialism, and the voters of Toledo at the next election reindorsed his non-partisan administration by an overwhelming ma-

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jority. They realized that the Mayor's position on National issues did not really affect the character of his city administration.

II. More serious appears, at first sight, the charge that Mayor Low gave officially his approval to Governor Odell's excise law increasing license fees and providing that hereafter one-half instead of one-third of the revenue therefrom shall go into the State treasury. Heretofore these taxes have yielded $12,000,000 a year, and $8,000,000 have gone to the cities or towns in which they are collected and $4,000,000 to the State. Now the taxes promise to aggregate $18,000,000, and of this sum $9,000,000 will go to the localities and $9,000,000 to the State. The charge brought by Mr. McClellan and his lieutenants is that the Odell law, increasing the State's receipts from liquor taxes 125 per cent., while the receipts of the city are increased but 12½ per cent., sacrifices the financial interests of the Democratic metropolis to those of the Republican strongholds up the State. No open attack is made upon the measure because it increases the taxation of liquor-sellers. The appeal to this special interest can be made more effectively in other ways. The open charge is solely that several million dollars collected in the city have been diverted from its treasury to that of the State.

The charge is plausible, but it absolutely ignores the purpose for which the increased taxes are levied. This purpose is to get rid of State taxes on local real estate and personalty. There is no part of the State that has been so anxious to get rid of this State levy as New York City, and this increase in the excise taxes is the longest stride made toward realizing the city's ideal of taxing its own property in its own way. Had the State levy remained large, it would have been difficult to bring about the reform in assessments, basing them in all cases on the full selling value of property instead of the favoritism of assessors and the pressure of powerful interests. It is because the State tax on property is insignificant that the city has been able to assess property at its full value without thereby increasing its share of the State's burdens. In the new liquor taxes every locality containing a saloon has the revenues therefrom diverted from the local treasury to the State treasury in the same measure as the metropolis. The burdens of the latter are indeed greater in proportion to its population. With only half the people of the State, the city pays two-thirds of the excise taxes. But it likewise contributes about two-thirds of the State's revenue collected under a general tax levy, which the excise taxes were increased to avoid. In a righteous government taxation is not distributed according to population, but according to wealth. The tax assessments throughout the State show that New York City has nearly two-thirds of all the real estate values in the commonwealth, while the probate court returns under the inheritance tax law show that the city contains about three-quarters of all the personal property. New York's share of the excise taxes is no greater than its rightful share of the property taxes. The new method of raising State taxes has hardly affected the city's share of State burdens. It has merely made the city more nearly free to tax itself as it sees fit. Mayor Low indorsed the measure because he saw in it a long stride toward home rule—a goal desired as ardently by Democrats as by Republicans.

III. The other charge brought against the partisanship of Mayor Low's administration has not even the merit of plausibility, save to those who know nothing about the situation. It is that the Mayor has attempted to Republicanize the police force by placing General Greene, the former chairman of a Republican campaign committee, at the head of the Police Department. It is perfectly true that General Greene formerly occupied the position named in the Republican organization, but as Police Commissioner the more common criticism made upon him is that he has stood up so straight against Republicanizing the force that he has absolutely leaned backward. Whatever disaffection exists in the force on party grounds is among the policemen who voted for Mr. Low, and are dissatisfied because Tammany police-

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men continue to hold most of the best places. General Greene has not tried to Republicanize the force, but solely to free it from the suspicion of corruption. The extent to which he has done this, firmly putting down the efforts of Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats to get favors for their friends, is not only one of the greatest achievements of the administration, but one of the most signal proofs of its non-partisanship. The charge of partisanship is brought against the Police Department solely because the former official position of its chief lent an apparent color to it. In no other department was there even colorable ground for such a charge. Mayor Low may be defeated in this campaign because the passionate appeals to partisanship prevent a popular verdict upon the record. But the record establishes, not only for New York City, but for the whole country, the practicability of an administration that is absolutely non-partisan in all its official acts.

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The Erie Canal

History repeats itself. In 1812 a commission from the State of New York laid before the Federal Congress a project for the construction of a canal from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. Congress refused to support the project. Then the State of New York itself took it up; the act for the construction of the canal was passed by the New York Legislature April 15, 1817, ground was broken July 9, 1817, and eight years later the Erie Canal was opened, with appropriate ceremonies, to navigation. It made a continuous waterway from the Atlantic to the westernmost border of the Great Lakes, made New York truly the Empire State and New York City the commercial metropolis of the Nation. Three-quarters of a century has passed since then. The growth of the Nation and the increase of its commerce have transcended the wildest dreams of the wildest dreamer of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The great West has become a chief granary of the world. Canada has learned something from the example of New York, and has made a canal connecting the Lakes with the St. Lawrence River. She is contemplating another canal by the way of Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River. The commerce which the Erie Canal gave to New York is slipping away from her. The Mississippi River is diverting it from her in one direction, the Canadian canals in another direction. More corn and wheat are shipped from New Orleans than from New York. In the week ending June 20, more wheat went from Portland, Maine, than from New York. Less than 260,000 bushels came to New York for export, more than 1,360,000 were exported from Montreal and Boston. The present canal, built three-quarters of a century ago, is wholly inadequate to meet present needs. What shall New York State do under these circumstances? To that question the people of the State are to give an answer by their votes on the 3d of November. There are three things they can do.

The State can abandon the Erie Canal. The people can conclude that railways have made canals antiquated as they have made stage-coaches antiquated, and can allow the canal to lapse by neglect, as other and lesser waterways have been allowed to lapse by neglect.

The State can repeat the experiment of 1812—appeal to the Federal Government to construct a new ship canal from the Lakes to the ocean. Such a canal would afford passage from Lake Erie and Lake Ontario around Niagara Falls, and from Lake Ontario at Oswego by Oneida Lake and the Mohawk Valley to the Hudson River. The minimum estimate for its construction is $200,000,000. Its object would be to make an artificial arm of the sea, broad enough and deep enough to allow ocean-going steamers to pass through it, and thus permit the shipment of grain from Chicago and Duluth to Liverpool or India in an ocean steamer, without the necessity of transshipment. Such a canal, built by the Federal Government, would necessarily be under Federal control and administered by Federal officials.

The State can reconstruct the present canal so as to afford passage for barges of one thousand tons capacity,

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and permit the use of steam or electricity, or both, as a motive power. The grain would have to be transshipped from the Lake steamers to such barges at Buffalo; and it would have to be transshipped from such barges to ocean steamers at New York for Europe; though it might possibly remain in the barges to be conveyed by tows to near-by ports on the Atlantic coast.

If at the approaching election the people vote "Yes," they will vote to adopt the third of these plans, and to authorize the State to incur a debt of $101,000,000 for that purpose. If they vote "No," they will vote either to abandon the canal altogether, or to abandon it temporarily in hope that the Federal Government may be persuaded to build a ship canal. The Outlook advises them to vote Yes.

I. The statement that canals are superseded by railroads is not justified by the facts. They are no more superseded than are highways. Stage-coaches no longer carry passengers; so canal-boats no longer carry passengers; but the waterways and the roadway are both needed. The waterway is a more economical method of transporting slow freights than the railroad is or ever can be. The railroads have not superseded steamers on the Lakes, the great rivers, or the Atlantic coast. If the canal were enlarged as proposed, it is estimated by competent students that the freight charges on the canal could be reduced to one mill per ton per mile and still furnish a fair profit. As there is always free competition on a canal, this minimum would probably be reached. On the railroads the average charge per ton per mile is not less than five mills.

But not only does a waterway offer to the shippers rates lower than the railway offers, it also compels the railway to lower its freight rates. During the present season the Canadian railways, which are in competition with waterways, have transported grain from Chicago to Montreal for 3½ cents a bushel; by the American railways the cost for the same distance would have been seven cents a bushel. The reason for this difference is that the Canadian canal constituted an effective competitor to the railroads, the Erie Canal did not. Thus the proposition to enlarge the Erie Canal is a proposition to establish a competition which cannot be destroyed by monopoly, because the canal is a free highway. The proposition to abandon the Canal is a proposition to destroy the only competition the railroad has, and to establish the railroad monopoly. For though formal combinations between parallel railroads may be prohibited, informal understandings cannot be prevented. A waterway controlled and operated by the State is the only method now in sight to prevent the commerce of the State and so the citizen of the State from being commercially subject to the control of the great railroads. The canal and carriage road are the only public highways; the railways are private property. We cannot afford to abandon the only public highway which offers real competition with the railroad.

The plan has been suggested of converting the Erie Canal into a freight railroad, to be owned and administered by the State, but it is not being seriously considered and may for present purposes be dismissed as wholly "in the air."

II. A ship canal giving free passage for ocean steamers from Liverpool to the Great Lakes appeals to the imagination. It has a seductive sound. Economic arguments are advanced for and against it. Able authorities declare it economically practicable; others, not less able, declare it economically chimerical. The "Engineering News" is an authority in its department, and the "Engineering News" advocates the ship canal. *Per contra*, Professor William H. Burr, of Columbia University, declares that it is impracticable to construct ships suitable to navigate both lakes and ocean, and Mr. Gustav H. Schwab, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, is of the same opinion. Mr. Andrew Carnegie judges that it is cheaper to transship grain from the barge to the ocean vessel than to send an ocean steamer through the canal at the slow rate of speed required, and Mr. Lewis Nixon, the well-known boat builder, agrees in this judgment. On these economic questions The Outlook does not

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assume to speak as an expert. But, in our judgment, political considerations put the ship canal scheme out of the question.

The people of the State of New York will not undertake such a canal. The cost would appall them. The advantages of it to the State would be remote, indirect, uncertain. The disadvantages would be apparent, and in popular estimate weighty. Such a canal would put an end to the industries which grow out of the transshipment of freight in New York at one end and in Buffalo at the other end of the canal. It would make these cities mere way stations on the route between Liverpool and Chicago. It would afford no apparent advantages to the New York farmer over the barge canal and some disadvantages; for the ocean steamer would not be available for local freights.

On the other hand, it is highly improbable that the Federal Government could be induced to undertake a work of such magnitude, all of it to be completed within a single State. Possibly the grain-producing States of the West might be brought to advocate it. But the northern Mississippi valley would be indifferent and the lower Mississippi valley would be hostile. The Atlantic States would be generally either indifferent or opposed. The influence of Portland, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore would be strongly antagonistic. So would the commercial interests of Virginia, if not of Georgia and South Carolina. The great railroads of the country, without exception, would be hostile. These special interests would reinforce the conservatism which always opposes an experimental project, and certainly this is only an experimental project, and a somewhat doubtful one. Finally, the political opposition throughout the Nation to any plan for increasing the power of the Federal Government, and a similar opposition in the State of New York to a plan which necessarily involves placing its great waterway under the control of the Federal Government, would add further and influential elements of opposition.

For these reasons, in our judgment, the real question on which the people of this State have to vote on the 3d of November next is, Shall we enlarge the Erie Canal and bring it up to present requirements, or abandon it altogether and turn over the internal commerce of our State to the absolute and unlimited control of private corporations? "Yes" will mean the preservation of the canal. "No" will mean its abandonment.

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Adjudication and Arbitration

Last week the Anglo-American Adjudication Tribunal, which has been sitting in London, decided the Alaskan boundary case in favor of America.

The main question at issue was: What does the word "côte" (coast) mean in the Russo-British treaty of 1825? According to that document, the boundary between Russian North America and British North America started at the head of Portland Canal, a deep Pacific inlet, and was a general line "parallel to the sinuosities of the coast," at a distance of thirty miles therefrom. For seventy-three years this line was unquestioned by the British Government.

Meanwhile, in 1867, by the purchase of Alaska on the limits established by the Russo-British treaty of 1825, the United States of America succeeded to the Russian rights. The settlement of British Columbia, however, brought an inquiry as early as 1872 from the Canadian Government concerning the exact boundary line, and before gold was discovered in the Klondike the Canadians had already advanced a theory which directly opposed the map-making of many years. Not until 1898, however, did Canada induce the British Government to take up her contention that "côte" in the treaty of 1825 did not mean the main coast, but the outermost line (about twenty-five miles from the main coast line) of the fringe of islands along the coast. A boundary drawn at a distance of thirty miles, paralleling the islands' outer line, would cut across several great arms of the sea, leaving southern Alaska broken into a number of small separated sections of mainland, a few miles wide, the American coast line

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being broken through by deep inlets, which would afford to Great Britain an open access to the sea, especially at Lynn Canal, where are convenient ports for Klondike trade. So convinced had many Canadians become of the justice of their theory that Sir Robert Finlay, in presenting their case to the Adjudication Tribunal, claimed that "the [existing] boundary had been drawn in ostentatious defiance of the treaty of 1825"! The replies of our counsel may be condensed under three heads.

First, Russia had no intention of establishing such a boundary as that for which the Canadians contended. This is shown by a study of the correspondence leading up to the treaty, in which appears the British desire to break through Russian America to the coast to establish stations there of the Hudson's Bay Company; but there also appears the Russian determination to permit no permanent peril to the monopoly then enjoyed by the Russo-American Fur Company.

Secondly, Russia never did establish such a line. This is shown by the fact that Great Britain did then acquire from Russia by treaty a ten years' privilege to navigate certain arms of the sea, a step which would not have been taken had the territory at the heads of those sea-arms been British.

Finally, the Canadian contention is contrary to a long series of Canadian and British official maps; the latest being the British Admiralty Chart No. 787, corrected to 1901, giving the Alaskan boundary as established in 1825.

America has led the way in preaching and practicing arbitration. We have submitted a large number of cases to that method of settlement. But the Alaskan was not a case for arbitration. When, in 1898, the British Government finally and, we believe, reluctantly took up the Canadian claim and proposed arbitration after the manner of the Venezuelan case, our representatives on the Joint High Commission of that year pertinently showed that there was no analogy between the two disputes. Venezuela certainly had not been for seventy years in peaceful possession of her disputed territory. The Canadians, on the other hand, had chosen to question the validity of America's title to its own property long peacefully occupied, and made use of our title, thus having received an important confirmation through prescription. The American Commissioners justly challenged their Anglo-Canadian colleagues to cite any instance in history where such a case was ever the subject of arbitration.

Instead, we offered adjudication—a very different thing. We declared ourselves ready to submit the whole question to a tribunal of three judges from each country, the decision, if any, to be rendered by at least four out of six. Our offer was rejected by the Canadians, much, it is believed, to the regret of the home Government, but five years later that Government persuaded Canada to accept our plan.

Accordingly, a tribunal of six commissioners or judges was chosen, those opposing our claim being two Canadians and Lord Alverstone, the English Lord Chief Justice. As the State Department officials had hoped, our counsel were strong enough to convert one of the British Commissioners, and the case was won.

A minor point, however, was gained by the Canadian counsel, and a change in the southwest departure of the boundary will be made in consequence. Instead of proceeding eastward from the Pacific along the large south arm of the Portland Canal, the boundary will proceed along the narrow north arm, thus giving to Canada the exclusive use of a valuable waterway and of a couple of islands between the two arms having an area of about a hundred and fifty square miles. The reason for assigning this channel and these islands to Canada is that this assignment might be so interpreted from Vancouver's description, written in 1795.

The decision, welcome here, has been received with some bitterness by some Canadians. There have even been assertions that England thinks more of American friendship than she does of protection to her own colony. Such Canadians may be reminded that their own diplomacy could hardly have accomplished for them what the home Government has done, from the Ashburton

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Treaty to the Alaskan adjudication. Indeed, as to the last, had all the judges been Canadians, and presumably obdurate, the American boundary would have remained as defined in 1825, including half of the fine Portland Canal and the islands, valueless to us compared with their value to Canada, for the islands command Port Simpson, the western terminus of the proposed new Canadian transcontinental railway.

But the act of adjudication itself is far more important than any territory affected. It is, in our belief, the most impressive proof yet chronicled of the genuine friendship, of the family feeling, existing between England and America. This feeling, which of course exists also between Canada and the United States, is too enduring to be adversely influenced by disputes such as the Alaskan. Welcome as is the final decision to us, the courtesy and amicable relations which have invariably marked the sittings of the tribunal are still more welcome. There is a special and particular interest in this case arising from the fact that, so far as we know, it is the first international dispute in history settled by adjudication. But the great import of the settlement is that it affords another example of a serious dispute between contending nations settled not by war but by the peaceful appeal to a legal tribunal.

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Our Public Schools

The Issue

There are some indications of a revival in this country of the school controversy which is arousing so much bitter feeling in France and in England. In England the Roman Catholics and a considerable proportion of the clergy of the Established Church have united in the recent movement for putting the schools of England largely under Church control, on the ground that only thus can religion be taught in the schools. In France the issue underlying the present campaign against the Roman Catholic orders is the school question; the officers of the Government, partly from religious prejudice, partly from reasons of state, being resolutely determined that the education of the children of France shall not be committed to the Roman Catholic hierarchy. And now Cardinal Gibbons, who has heretofore been regarded as a friend of our public-school system, is reported as having severely criticised it in a recent address or interview; the gravamen of his criticism being that the public school does not teach religion, and that religion is necessary to character; the remedy which he proposes being a division of the school funds, as in Canada, between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic schools, in each of which the religious faith of the pupils' parents may be taught without objection. There are, indeed, some indications that the inspiration of this movement against a public-school system under the control of the State comes from the Vatican. One would like to know whether the new Pope himself gives to it encouragement and support, and perhaps direction.

It is a mistake, however, to think that the issue is one between Protestants and Roman Catholics. The sharpest statement of the case against the fundamental principle of the public-school system which we have seen is from the pen of the Rev. W. Montague Geer, Vicar of one of the chapels of Trinity Church in New York City—not to be confounded with the Rev. David H. Greer, the recently elected Bishop Coadjutor of New York. Mr. Geer states the issue in the following words:

> In a country like this, with a mixed population, it is not the right and not the duty nor the policy of the State to educate. The State is too big and unwieldy an organization to do such delicate work. . . . What is the result of our malpractice? Why, we are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions. Lynchers, labor agitators, and lawbreakers generally are human gu deposts, with arms, hands, and fingers wide extended and voices at their loudest, pointing us to the ruin which awaits society if we persevere in the road which we are now taking.

On the other hand, the argument for a public-school system was some years ago admirably stated by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bouquillon, a Roman Catholic

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theologian of eminence, of the United States, in the following terms:

> The Church has not received the mission to make known the human sciences, she has not been established for the progress of the nations in the arts and sciences, no more than to render them powerful and wealthy. . . . Her duty of teaching human sciences is only indirect—a work of charity or of necessity: of charity when they are not sufficiently taught by others who have that duty; of necessity when they are badly taught, that is, taught in a sense opposed to supernatural truth and morality. . . . We affirm that the State has authority over education. This authority is included in that general authority with which the State is invested for promoting the common good, for guaranteeing to each man his rights, for preventing abuses.

These two quotations, the first from a Protestant, the second from a Roman Catholic, clergyman, indicate the fundamental issue underlying the school question, whether in France, England, or the United States. It is this: IN A DEMOCRATIC COMMUNITY, IS THE PUBLIC EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN THE FUNCTION PRIMARILY OF THE STATE OR OF THE CHURCH?

If education is a legitimate function of the State, then the fact that a score of men or a million men desire to send their children to private schools is no reason why they should be exempt from taxes levied to support the public schools, and no reason why public money should be paid to them to support their private schools. It is the function of the city to clean and police the streets. If the citizens of any block, dissatisfied with the manner in which the city discharges its duty, employs men to clean the street in front of their houses, and a private watchman to patrol it, this fact does not afford any basis for a claim on their part to be exempt from the public taxes levied for cleaning and patrolling the streets, or for a share of those taxes to pay for their private performance of these municipal functions. Mr. Rockefeller is reported to be the owner of many thousands of acres in the Adirondacks. But he cannot therefore come before the State with a claim for a part of the road tax to keep in order the roads in this princely territory. The Jews in New York constitute a community more separated, alike by faith, traditions, and locality, from their Christian neighbors than the Roman Catholics are from their Protestant neighbors. But no one would pay serious heed to them if they were to pledge themselves to punish all crime perpetrated by Jews and to support all Jews who are unable to support themselves, and on this ground were to ask for their proportion of the taxes levied to maintain the Department of Charities and Correction. If public education is a proper function of the State, then no man is exempt from paying his proportion of the tax because he does not like the way in which that function is fulfilled. He must set himself to the task of persuading his fellow-citizens to change the method. If, on the other hand, it is not a proper function of the State, then the State ought to discontinue its public schools and relegate the work of public instruction to the churches, or to private enterprise, or to the two combined. The one thing the State ought not to do is to raise a fund by taxation and then pay it over to private organizations to expend. We hold it to be an axiom in the administration of a democratic community that ALL PUBLIC MONEY SHOULD BE EXPENDED BY PUBLIC OFFICIALS AND SHOULD BE KEPT SUBJECT TO PUBLIC CONTROL.

In the history of the Republic exceptions to this rule have grown up. They cannot be instantly abolished without doing more harm than good. But such exceptions are anomalies. It should be the object of statesmen to reduce them. Under no circumstances should they be increased. The plan of dividing public funds between Roman Catholic and Protestant schools is not a plan to be seriously considered by the American people. Protestants should object as resolutely to the appropriation of public funds to Protestant as to Roman Catholic schools. If Protestants want Protestant schools, let them pay for such schools with Protestant money. If Roman Catholics want Roman Catholic schools, let them pay for such schools with Roman Catholic money. If Jews want Jewish schools, let them pay for such schools with Jewish money. But let not Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews combine to tax the whole community in

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order to create a public fund, and, when it is created, engage in a struggle to see which of them can get the largest share of it.

The Outlook has no doubt that public education is a function of the State. We agree with Dr. Bouquillon that "the State has authority over education. This authority is included in that general authority with which the State is invested for promoting the common good, for guaranteeing to each man his rights, for preventing abuses." This principle underlies the public-school system of the United States. Those who wish to substitute Church schools for State schools can do so only by convincing the people of the United States that the conduct of education, like the conduct of worship, is the function of the Church, not of the State.

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The Cheerfulness of Death

It does not strike the reader as at all strange when he finds Jeremy Taylor saying, "Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, Death is the most innocent of its accusation." These, he says to himself, are the words of a preacher and a poet; of one who is accustomed to look at the things which are invisible; who is accustomed to live in an atmosphere of hope, and hope is not seen; who is accustomed to ask what is needful rather than what is true, and to employ his imagination no less, indeed rather more, than his observation in administering consolation.

Very different is the habit of the physician. He deals with the physical side of life. The body, with its ailments and its pains, is constantly before him. He deals, too, with men not in their best state, but when they are morbid; when bodily disease has affected the spirit with infirmity. His testimony is of the visible world; of actual phenomena; of life as it really is, not as he wishes it to be. It is a physician, and one eminent in his profession, who contributes the article on another page on "The Cheerfulness of Death." He bases his conclusions on long and varied observation of death. Death is the physician's enemy; all life long they are at war; always the physician must be worsted at last. When such a man writes that, for the Christian, "Death should be in reality his best friend; welcomed rather than feared," the testimony has an efficacy which it could not have coming from a different witness. His article is one to be cut out, kept, recurred to. Especially is it to be commended to the thoughtful meditation of such as, to use the words of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." To such it ought to come as a deliverance from a needless and torturing fear.

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Shakespeare at Stratford

A good deal of interest has been awakened in England by the suggestion, on the part of students and scholars of position, that something should be done to separate the authentic from the pseudo, or, to put it more mildly, non-authenticated, relics of Shakespeare at Stratford. The number of these pseudo-relics, and the extreme fragility, to say the least, of the evidence which connects some of them with the dramatist, have had not a little to do with fostering an irrational skepticism in regard to Shakespearean connection with Stratford, and even with the works which bear his name. As a matter of fact, there is no more rational doubt about Shakespeare, the man, his life in Stratford, and his right to have his name put on the title-pages of the plays and poems with which it is associated, than about Marlowe's right to be regarded as the author of "The Jew of Malta," or Beaumont and Fletcher's right to be accepted as the authors of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

Stratford itself is the most interesting relic of Shakespeare because it was the background of the formative period of his life—his childhood and youth. The old churches are still standing which he knew as a boy, and they are substantially unchanged. The grammar-school in which he studied is essentially what it was three hundred years ago, when his

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contemporaries were reading Plautus and Terence, Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with dashes at Cicero and Seneca. The houses of his children and of several of his friends have been identified, and are in several instances well preserved. The quaint and beautiful burying-ground about Trinity Church is where it was in the days when Shakespeare punted on the Avon, although much more densely populated. His name was a common one in Warwickshire. His father, a man of considerable local importance, has left a distinct record of himself. The poet was born on Henley Street, on or very near the ground on which the present Birthplace stands. The property which embraces that ground and the garden was bought by John Shakespeare in 1556, a year before his marriage. There were then two detached houses standing where the present house stands, and tradition assigns the house to the west as the poet's birthplace. By the bequest of the poet's granddaughter this house came into the possession of the family of his sister, John Hart, and was occupied by them until the beginning of the last century, the detached house to the east being let as an inn. In 1846 both houses were secured for preservation. They have since been made into a single structure, and there is every reason to believe that here Shakespeare was born; in which room no one can say definitely. In the museum, on the first floor of the Birthplace, are to be seen the deed which conveyed the Henley Street property to the poet's father, a letter written to the poet, asking for a loan of money, by Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas married Judith Shakespeare, the seal ring on which the letters W. S. are engraved, and which those most competent to judge believe belonged to the poet. There also are a desk which probably stood in the grammar-school three hundred years ago, and other interesting relics. A good deal of tradition has grown up, however, about the birthplace and various other localities in Stratford; and as these are now the property of responsible Trustees, and are shown under the authority of those Trustees, it would be greatly in the interest of Shakespearean history if the real relics could be separated definitely from those which are simply relics of tradition. There is no reason why a desk of Shakespeare's time should not be put in his birthplace, nor an antique shovel-board should not be treasured there; nor is there any reason why the old mulberry-tree at the back of the house should not be carefully guarded; but the visitor should be made to understand that, while these date back a long period, and may have been associated with Shakespeare, such association is an assumption and rests on no sufficient evidence.

There is no reason to doubt that the property at Shottery on which stands the well-known cottage was owned by Richard Hathaway, the father of Shakespeare's wife, who is described as a "husbandman." This cottage was in the hands of the Hathaway family until the middle of the last century, and is well worth preserving as a memorial of Shakespeare's period and as a charming example of the old rural habit and life of Warwickshire; but it is by no means certain that it was the home of Anne Hathaway, and that fact ought to be definitely understood. A separation of the things which really belong to Shakespeare from those which are assumed to have been his property, or to have been connected with him, would do violence to no sentiment, destroy no real associations with the past, and would be in the interests of truth. So great a reputation needs no fictitious accessories; so great a genius can be reverenced without the aid of relics of dubious value. One of the first authorities on the subject puts the matter admirably in these words:

> In dealing with objects that have long been regarded as relics of a distant past, doubt and difference of opinion as to their authenticity are often inevitable; universal agreement is rarely possible. The general public can only reach a fair judgment when all the facts are at their disposal, and they are encouraged freely to apply for themselves the doctrine of probability. It is desirable in museums of the character of those at Stratford for the curators, in the interests of visitors, to distinguish by means of plainly worded labels what is certain from what is less certain, and to explain, wherever circumstances require it, the varying degrees in which doubt is justifiable.

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The Protestant Bible and Divorce in the Philippines

By James A. Le Roy

IN a recent sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Rev. O'Brien Pardow, a Jesuit preacher well known in New York, criticised the sending to the Philippines by Protestant missionary societies of "hastily thrown together translations" of portions of the Bible, and sarcastically added that he supposed they would be accompanied by that "other boon" of Protestantism, the institution of divorce. In some respects this Roman Catholic critic, who is also, it is worth noting, a defender of the Spanish friars and their régime in the islands, was quite justified in his strictures.

To many good people it sounds most satisfying to hear that so many Tagalog, so many Visayan, so many Pampangan Bibles have been shipped from New York to the Philippines. It reads out fine and large in reports before missionary societies. But it is worth while finding out just how much it really means.

During the past two years and a half a number of Protestant missionaries in the Philippines, mostly Presbyterian and Methodist, have been engaged in making translations of certain of the New Testament Gospels into the Tagalog, and then the Visayan, the Pampangan, and perhaps already the Ilocano, dialects. Their object is, of course, a most laudable one, from the standpoint of every one who believes in the education of the individual will and judgment in religious as in all other matters; it is to give to the Filipinos, who are really without anything that could fairly be called a religious literature, a chance to learn of Christ's life and mission in their own every-day tongues, in which most of the masses can read at least a little. It is an enterprise magnificent in scope; all the more reason for expecting to make progress slowly in it. It is to be feared that the translations, hurried into shape at Manila and hurried off the presses in this country, are hardly such as could be desired to be made of "The Book." However zealous the missionaries must be given credit for being in acquiring a practical speaking knowledge of the dialects of the natives with whom they are at work, not one of them is in any sense a scholarly linguist; and there is all the more necessity for careful, scholarly work in a half-developed, imperfect form of written speech, such as the various Malay dialects are. To be sure, the American missionaries have had the assistance of several natives of more or less pretension, mostly less, to scholarship in their own dialects. They are, however, at least no better qualified for painstaking work of this sort than their American colleagues, and in addition know almost nothing of the Bible, as is to be said of every Filipino, even the best educated.

Under the circumstances, one is compelled to wonder just what sort of an impression of the Bible will be obtained by those of the Filipino masses who read these translations. Occasionally one hears a defender of the friars praising their devotion in mastering the native dialects and their scholarship as preachers and writers in these tongues. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the friars, even after long residence in the country, preached so atrociously in the dialects that the better-educated natives used always to be laughing about their sermons behind their sleeves. It is scarcely probable that our Protestant missionaries, in the few years in which they have been at work among the Filipinos, are capable of doing better, if as well.

Nevertheless, it is not exactly becoming in a defender of the friars to indulge in criticism of any effort, no matter how far from efficient or effective it be, to give the Filipino masses, to whom Spanish is a closed book, some adequate knowledge of the Bible. All that the

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three centuries of friar rule can show in the way of a religious literature for the masses are the catechism, some little tracts with platitudes on "holy living," a great many "novenarios," or religious programmes for the observance of special saints' days—these in the dialects, that is. And these formed practically all the literature of any sort accessible to those who could not read Spanish.

Similarly, while it is true that the institution of divorce has followed the entry of Americans into the Philippines, there is a qualifying observation to be made which should silence any defender of the friars. That is, that the introduction of the institution of civil marriage, with divorce as a co-ordinate, into the Philippines has steadily tended toward a lessening of the number of couples living out of wedlock. It may sound well to say that, under the rule of Catholic Spain, divorce was an impossibility in the Philippines, marriage being entirely an ecclesiastical affair and divorce of course forbidden; but on the other side of the picture there was the most extraordinary prevalence of concubinage and lax social ideas about it, while living out of wedlock was common among the poorer classes wherever the friar-priest maintained the fees too high, as was very often the case.

An order by General Otis authorized marriages by certain subordinate civil authorities the year after American occupation began. The legislation of the Commission in 1901 legalized divorce proceedings, according to American laws. Now justice-of-the-peace weddings are not at all uncommon occurrences in those places, especially Manila, where the less well informed, poorer classes have learned what the proceeding of the law is. The first divorce suit was sued in Iloilo over a year ago, the parties being *mestizos* prominent in that Visayan capital. Since then Manila has had a number such, and Cebú and other places have witnessed the novel proceedings in their courts. Such suits are few, however, and have thus far affected only the "upper classes," and not at all the mass of the people. The ability to secure divorce has at least not yet caused any of the immorality which has been ventilated among the wealthier set; and it is not in the least probable that the fact that such ability exists can lower any further the low ideas on morality already prevalent under the past régime among the people of this set. The criticisms of the Jesuit father have some point to them, as indicated; but they come badly from any one who is in the position of an apologist of the friars.

The Cheerfulness of Death

By W. W. Keen, M.D.

MOST people, even most Christian people, shrink from Death. In sermons and hymns, and in literature, it is generally represented as repulsive. It is spoken of as "Death's Cold Stream," "The Last Enemy," the "Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death," and the "terrors of death" are pictured in vivid terms. For the Christian at least, this is all wrong. Death should be in reality his best friend; welcomed rather than feared.

So far as the physical aspect of death is concerned, the universal teaching of physicians is that the process of dying is rarely painful or even unwelcome to the patient, though full of sorrow to his family. A happy unconsciousness in nearly all cases shields the dying man from pain. The weakness, the fever, the parched lips, the labored breathing, are all unfelt. Most people die quietly and often almost imperceptibly.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died,"

is often true. Even when convulsive movements occur, they are entirely independent of consciousness; merely physical in origin and character, and absolutely unattended by any suffering.

If, then, death is not an unpleasant process physically, why should it be

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feared from the spiritual side? See what it does for the Christian.

It frees him from accident, sickness, and suffering, to which his body has been liable all his life, and from which he has often suffered, sometimes intensely and for long periods of time.

It frees him from all sorrow. No one who has reached even adolescence escapes sorrow. To many, sorrows are multiplied manyfold and bear down even the stoutest heart. The "weary" and the "heavy laden" make up the mass of mankind.

It opens the gates of heaven to him. While we know nothing accurately of the details of the heavenly life, we do know that there we shall live in eternal bliss; there we shall be in the presence of God himself; there we shall see and know intimately our Lord Jesus Christ; there we shall feel the influence of the Holy Spirit; there we shall meet the saints of all ages; there we shall be reunited to the dear ones who have happily preceded us; there shall come in due time the dear ones we have left on earth; there our minds will expand beyond our present comprehension; there all the unsolved problems of earth will be clear as day; there we shall learn why perplexity, disappointment, and trouble were our lot on earth and were needful for the orderly and sufficient development of our own character, and of God's large plans not only for us, but for the race; there, in a word, all that is evil shall vanish away and all that is good shall be ours forever.

If death, then, is not a painful, unpleasant process, and if it does for us so much, it should be, not the last *enemy*, but our best *friend;* not dreaded as the messenger of evil, but welcomed as a companion who will lead us into paths of pleasantness and reveal to us the joys for which we have been longing all our lives. We should not speak of the terrors of death, but should feel in our very hearts the cheerfulness of death.

Character and Charm in Children

By Fannie Ogden Ide

SOME one has affirmed that character is irrevocably formed at forty. Doubtless many of us who have passed that fatal line are prepared to deny the truth of the affirmation. Surely there is no age-limit beyond which it is not possible for some great transforming and illumining influence to enter a life and change its whole direction, stay a formative process even at a late stage of crystallization, and convert it to another of far-transcending import. But, on the other hand, that many a little life indicates its temperamental trend at the early age of no years at all is a fact that can be easily proven. And yet, granting these apparently opposing characteristics, the very early indication of very definite traits and the very late susceptibility to transforming influences, it is none the less true, in this matter of child character, that if you commence young enough, and are well-nigh infallibly wise in treatment, you may develop what you will in the child. Not but that some unruly little specimen will now and then prove itself the exception; the chances are all in your favor, however, provided you are not confronted with what might be called an almost criminal bias towards mental or moral deflection, and even then there is no telling. Without the help of any one, a child here and there, unconsciously conscious of the God-likeness within him, will shrink from all contamination and keep himself unspotted from the world, though, from the first gazing of his wondering eyes about him, everything conspires to drag him down. By grace of an innate purity he will achieve for himself as much and more than the utmost care and solicitude attain for his more fortunate little brothers. God bless his dauntless spirit, and those spirits of equal dauntlessness who are working to save the children, stoically refusing to believe in the infallible power of an evil inheritance until every opportunity has been given to the power that makes for good.

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The priests in the Roman Catholic Church, who have the religious training of the children, say, "Give us the first five years, and you may have the rest," such believers are they in this theory that if you commence young enough you may develop what you will. The second five years, however (these astute Romanists to the contrary), are vastly more important. It is in the sixth year that the normal, unprecocious little mind begins to take in the situation, and to respond. It is when you first waken this response that you may look for mere temperamental tendency to begin to make itself felt in very definite traits of character. It is at this point that the guardianship of any little life becomes a very serious matter; its character and charm, in an almost tragic sense, depending upon the fitness of the guardian. Surely it is worth while, then, to look somewhat carefully into this matter of child character.

I assume that we are all lovers of children. We do not have to be mothers to be that, and we are all more or less in touch with them. Not that that touch always implies an ideal state of things, for they are tyrants in their way, these little people. Indeed, there are those who have the courage to acknowledge—and it must require quite a little courage—that they would honestly prefer to dispense with the actual presence of the average child, until it should have arrived at years of discretion. Years of discretion! Dear me, how dreary the words sound, and how blessed to some of us the indiscretions of childhood, with their welcome contrasts to "grown-up-hood" with its ever-to-be-observed circumspection. How manifestly we all rebel at times at the eternal call to be discreet! One can imagine to precisely what stage in the evolution of man can be traced these wild longings of ours to "turn tail" and once and forever swing ourselves free from that conventionalized tree of life whereupon we are expected to climb decorously from branch to branch, with a "here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down."

And so it comes about that most people thank God for the children, though doubtless some stand ready to claim that character in its strict definition belongs only to maturity.

But that depends, as so much else depends in this perplexing world, upon the point of view. Certain it is that the tide of moral individuality sets in about any little life from the instant that the difference between right and wrong is divined, and from that moment every decision between them, no matter how trivial, leaves its impress; and, after all, what is character but impress?

Assuredly this does not mean that the first indications of moral traits, or the lack of them, are to be taken very seriously to heart—only just seriously enough to be of assistance in enabling you to master the combination. Of course the average child, born under average favoring circumstances, is likely to develop into a more or less interesting little personage, with a fairly accurate estimate as to what constitutes right and wrong. I am aspiring, however, for more than this: for the fostering of that irresistible something in child life characterized as charm, and which we find, thank God! here and there in the world, both in children and those who are older—that fascinating, indescribable magnetism that wins every one to the side of those who possess it. I am concluding, too, that this same charm can be cultivated, and though at first it may hardly seem compatible with this idea of cultivation, yet the chief requisite to the promotion of charm seems to me to be embodied in the one word "let." Let the child life develop naturally, free from every slenderest restraint and restriction that can possibly be spared. At the same time, who does not fervently pray to be delivered from what is commonly known as the "natural child," who has been allowed to follow its own imperious will? "A very different thing by far" from the child that has simply been permitted to pass untrammeled along the highway of its own beautiful development, save where now and again the little feet showed a tendency to stray unwittingly into dangerous bypaths. Not that it is always easy to determine when to reach forth a restraining hand, and when to leave the little struggling life to

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work out its own salvation. It is an art, a difficult art, this coaxing any little life to its finest flower. They are as complex, these child natures—just as complex as that nature with which you and I have had to deal in our own personal experience, a nature still baffling to some of us though we are nearer our second childhood than our first. What wonder, then, if it is not always easy to understand the little folk whose inner life, love them as we may, we cannot wholly fathom?

We sometimes act, I think, as though child nature were one thing and what we may call, for lack of a better name, full-grown nature, another, whereas I question if any actual trait asserts itself in later life that was not incipient in the child. There is a whole truth in the saying that "the child is father to the man." Have you ever seen a man whose soul, kindly and lenient in all other directions, rebelled against an interruption in the course of any narration to which he had seen fit to lend his brilliant powers, let that interruption be ever so timely or even necessary?

A little three-year-old of my acquaintance, inclined to be chatty, and with a laudable desire to be entertaining, began to enlarge on a recent occurrence. "One day when I went to the park for a drive I got out of the carriage for a walk, and—" "Oh, no, you didn't, brother," volunteered his better-informed little sister. "One day when I went to the park for a drive I got out of the carriage for a walk, and—" "Oh, brother, you know you didn't," with a weary smile at such an untruthful departure. "One day when I went to the park—" (and this with most exultant deliberation) "when sister was not with me—I got out of the carriage for a walk." It may have been that the occasion was invented, but what did it matter if only that meddlesome little interrupter could be made to know her place? Yes, some of us have known men like that. And sometimes in baser moments the sterner sex employ threats in dealing with those they love, and, when threats will not answer, play upon their sensibilities with Machiavellian cruelty. A friend of mine overheard a little fellow who felt, for his part, that his mother had imposed some extremely unnecessary restraint, make this awful threat: "I will eat caterpillars and worms, I will." The effect not seeming to be sufficiently paralyzing, he added triumphantly (but, as happens in these cases, without the slightest regard for truth), "I ate three yesterday, two smooth ones and a woolly one." Unquestionably the child is father to the man.

A little girl of five asked me a while ago, in her most engaging manner, if she might have six salted almonds. It was in excess of the usual allowance, but the engaging manner compelled the permissive "Yes." "May I have seven, as a compromise?" "How a compromise?" "Because I want eight!" We compromised. It was genuine diplomacy, pure and simple. Sometimes, you see, the child is mother to the woman, at a supremely early age. Oh, yes, they are all there, the elemental traits—pride, sensitiveness, the love of applause, a determination not to be outdone, self-complacency—a long, unending list, only sometimes we make use of more consoling names as we grow older. Do you remember, when Sentimental Tommy was feeling the great want, at five, of some one to applaud him, how Barrie reminds us that we call the thing he wanted sympathy, later on, by means of one of our many tricks of self-deception? Indeed, I know of nothing that so tellingly illustrates the initial presence of these elemental traits as that same wonderful character-study of Sentimental Tommy. Do you recall when Tommy, "a man of five," and Shovel, "a man of seven," were discussing the rival attractions of London and Thrums, and when Tommy, on the whole, was rather getting the best of Shovel, how Shovel, in desperation (as is not unlikely to transpire in a heated discussion), decided to give matters a personal turn, and exclaimed, with the air of one sure at last of an unquestionable advantage: "Well, then! my father were once at a hanging." "It were my father that was hanged," Tommy instantly replied. Some of us under less excusable circumstances have stooped, it may be, to invention more culpable.

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Now, all this is simply by way of admitting the presence in children of the most unlovely traits, the same traits which we have to fight single-handed in maturity. Still, none the less would I give free play to this theory of "let." There is even a way of letting them confront these unlovely traits, and of so adroitly holding them up to the light as to make even child nature eager to gain the mastery over them, or, failing that, to enter into a conflict with them that shall last as long as life itself, if need be. It is not the passive, passionless characters that attract some of us the most; the character that has a daily fight to fight, and which does not even succeed in hiding all traces of the warfare, is not likely to lack strength, and faults of strength sometimes amount to virtues.

And first and foremost in this gospel of true freedom, do let us let the children be themselves. That a child should be seen and not heard is one of those specious axioms which in their tacit acceptance have wrought such havoc with childhood's honest rights. The child that has been allowed to develop naturally, that has not been hindered and hampered and suppressed, will realize perfectly well that there are times when he must not break in upon the conversation; but the child that is allowed to sit through a long meal with older people, utterly ignored, and with conversation never for a moment turned into channels that concern him, is not having fair play, and the effect will be the promotion of a dull stolidity, if not of a more or less embittered sense of injustice. They know when we are unfair far oftener than we dream. That knowledge is not likely to establish fairness in them, unless by grace of that glorious reflex action which not infrequently asserts itself in finer natures; as we sometimes see generosity a marked trait in the child who has been brought up in an atmosphere of petty meanness, or a beautiful consideration for others prominent in a little life saddened by conscious lack of it in those in authority over it. A child ought to be able to feel that full credit is given him for having a mind of his own, to which he is not only permitted but invited to give free play.

Oh, there is no doubt but that we do not begin to give the children credit for their full intelligence. There has been a justifiable hue and cry about writing down to them, but beyond all question most of us do speak down to them, and at the cost of much enjoyment to ourselves. The child mind has a direct faculty for repartee that is at once normal and childlike, and simply delightful in its expression. Some one said the other day to a demurring little woman of seven, "You make such a fuss about this medicine that, if it would do you any good, I would take it for you." "It would do me good just to see you take it," came the answer quick as a flash. Now, for one, I do not call that merely a bright reply. It demonstrated that the child mind was being unconsciously trained to realize that words are not only capable of being played upon, but to be made to do one a very good turn now and then.

And yet this training can go on so simply and be so naturally maintained as not to make old folks of the children for a minute. It is simply allowing them to come to their own through freedom instead of to a chronic state of semi-responsiveness through suppression; and one of the happiest results of this character-training is the keenness of appreciation that it develops. It keeps the little mind alert and actually on the lookout for humor, and renders it quick to recognize it, even in its subtler forms; and, for one, I know of nothing more refreshing than to see the significant twinkle in a pair of child eyes whereby she delights to assure you that she is not missing the point. Nor does this, I repeat, involve an old mind in a young body. I know of what I speak. This same little woman of seven, who is now crossing the threshold of her teens, and whose laughter rings loudest over any real humor in word or deed, will sit bored, because uninterested, when any one sees fit to enlarge on the subject of sweethearts, in which she has not been instructed; and while that can be said, I maintain, you have still your little girl. In a case of this sort it goes

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without saying that the matinées have been few and far between.

But the "let" that contributes above all else to charm in the little folk is the "let" that gives them hours and hours for play. That lover and liberator of children, Jacob Riis, who has rescued whole acres of playgrounds for the poor in New York, affirms that "if the play in the boy is not permitted to find vent, it will result in crime." It is a great thing for the hope of the world that this need of child life is so widely recognized in these days in which we live. It is such a comparatively little time, too, since all was so different. I have in my keeping the school report of a contemporary of mine, in which the ordinary mischief of an irrepressible boy was chronicled by a little black star, its significance being the "Climax of Sinfulness."

There is one trait, however, not uncommon to childhood which is not for a moment to be classified as "ordinary mischief"—the inclination to be not quite true. Indeed, I know very well that downright untruthfulness has to be grappled with time and time again. Not that a mere tendency to make a good story better—wherein the child once more is father to the man—comes under this head, though that of itself is something to be summarily dealt with. When, however, actual falsehood is resorted to, certainly your task is to eliminate, with infinite painstaking, every smallest suggestion of fear that may have set up its terrorizing rule in the child mind, since, if you succeed in establishing courage in the little coward heart, you certainly will succeed in establishing truth; for I believe every normally conditioned child would rather tell the truth than not.

But, in connection with this theory of "let," I would insist that firmness and discipline go hand in hand, and, what is more, right on through the teens, and even into the twenties. Beautifully trained children frequently develop into most unsatisfactory young people, because of a theory that at a certain age the child should be given entire freedom. And, oh! the pity of it, when it seems as though nothing were needed but the same wise enforcing of the gentle authority of the earlier years. From the very moment that a child is old enough to be made to appreciate that all the delightfulness of home, and indeed its very structure, is dependent upon the law and order preserved therein—from that moment it should become a contributor in some small way to that same law and order; and here is a case in point, no doubt, where, if you commence young enough, you can so train a child as to make it respond, and with a proud and happy sense of responsibility, to every new condition presenting itself in the home. I have known one of the most childlike of children to so adjust herself to the demands of long-continued illness in the household as greatly to lighten the burdens of its members, and all this not only without losing an iota of childish buoyancy, but with very manifest rejoicing in consciousness of power—a consciousness that, kept within bounds, adds as much to the charm of a child as to those who are older.

And here again we are simply helping a little life to come to its own, which is but another way of determining that it shall not be defrauded of its birthright.

So, then, be assured you are taking the wisest course in pressing home a sense of personal responsibility, and, if need be, in resorting to the strictest discipline to achieve your end; only bear in mind that time and again you can take all the bitterness out of the painful process by saying or doing something that shows all the love of your heart the moment it is safe to let up on the discipline, and even before, for that matter. But please bear in mind, if these theories seem worthy of experiment, that if what we may call the ordinary moral training of a child requires patience, you will need to call upon infinite reserves of the virtue in your effort to cultivate charm. However, the absorbing interest of the study required offsets, to my thinking, the unremitting perseverance involved; and then the whole situation is often so delightfully relieved by such irresistible humor; so many deliciously funny and absurd traits come to the fore; most of them of so ephemeral and harmless a character, as far as lasting effects are concerned, as only to be surreptitiously enjoyed rather than taken seriously—

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surreptitiously, because the one thing not to be tolerated by "their little royal highnesses" is the discovery that what is of great moment to them is affording unintentional amusement to you. Better submit to almost anything at their hands than let them suspect they are being made fun of; and in point of fact we are very frequently called upon to exercise this passive virtue of submission.

And, what is more, they not infrequently place us in positions where we are obliged to offer the most abject of apologies—apologies wholly unwarranted by any real occasion. But when there is occasion, oh, then do let us see to it that we are quick to beg their pardons. There is no danger of our losing ground thereby, since nothing so "builds up the fabric" of their faith in us as the conviction that, in season and out of season, it is our one endeavor to be absolutely fair.

And then again, in what we might call this friendly summing up against the children—with what illogical conclusions we sometimes have to deal! And yet, on the other hand, to what divine logic do their little lips sometimes give utterance! A pair of half-fledged robins, crowded out of their nest, fell into the keeping of a little girl last summer. "Don't forget to give them water," some one kindly suggested. "Could a mother robin give them water?" "No, I imagine not." "Well, then, don't you think we can be pretty sure that they don't need it?" What a supreme and tranquilizing bit of philosophy for any of us to lay to heart! How well this presumption is borne out by the facts of natural history does not signify.

But to one important feature in connection with this theory of child-culture we must look with greatest care—that of insuring the unfolding of every tiniest bud of promise, many of which are likely to be overlooked unless we search for them with microscopic painstaking; and yet let us make sure, just as painstakingly, that we nip all unpromise in the bud. Not infrequently children are inclined to what has been aptly called a "fussy conscientiousness." This is one of the buds that cannot too quickly feel the click of the pruning scissors; or the slightest indication of a tendency to be politic or to pose as a child-paragon.

But, above and beyond all else, let us never question motives too closely. A little kinsman of mine dropped his hated arithmetic into the post-box the other day, though "only trying to see if it would fit," he explained. Afterward, having been told by his mother that it was a pretty serious matter ever to tamper with the Government, he awaited, in not wholly unbeneficial anxiety, his father's home-coming, that he might learn the extent of the dire penalty likely to be imposed. Of course the "only trying to see if it would fit" was questionable, considering that the consignment of the arithmetic to the post-box removed the possibility of preparation for the morrow's lesson; and yet I contend that even then it was best not to question too closely, or in any spirit of apparent suspicion. Very likely the little fellow himself was not perfectly sure of his motive. You can even have passed that fatal forty line and be at times confused as to your own. What wonder, then, if sometimes the little folk are at a loss for theirs! If you assume that they must always know why they have done a certain thing, you may corner them into a fib through a sheer sense of what they consider justifiable self-defense.

And now, if you ask to what purpose is all this, I make answer that it is to the practical purpose of seeking to determine the ways in which children should not be taken seriously, and the many more in which they should be taken very seriously indeed. Or, to put it more poetically, that we may aid them, so far as may be, to keep undimmed those "trailing clouds of glory with which they come from God, who is their home." Back to that home, through the doorway of a sudden and brief illness, passed a sturdy little fellow of twelve, preceding his mother by only three earth years. These are his exact words to his teacher as they were reading about the planets only a few days before that going home. "My sister," he said, "has told me a great deal about the planets, and I think I like the Evening Star the best. I wonder if we shall

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be sent from planet to planet, as we are from place to place here, when we die? For instance, papa has bought a summer home for us in the Adirondacks, and mamma is going up in March to fit it up for us. Do you suppose God will send us to fit up places for our friends when they are coming to heaven? I would like to be sent to the Evening Star, and have lots of flowers growing when mamma comes." Their home—our home—who doubts it? For one, I believe the boy's beautiful wish was in some way realized for the mother when she came. For one, too, I believe as truly in the verity of those "trailing clouds of glory" and in their possible transformation about any little life into transparent beauty of character and all the glow and color of charm.

Phillips Brooks has said, in writing of Lincoln, that "the union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; and when, preserved into manhood, it is deepened into reliability and maturity, it becomes that glorified childlikeness which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness and is chosen by God to fulfill his purpose when he needs a ruler for his people of faithful and true heart." That there may be more men and women with souls attuned to God's high behests, let those of us to whom the children turn for guidance do all that we may to establish "that simplicity" of character which, carried on into manhood and womanhood, means "glorified childlikeness."

The City of Roses

By P. C. Mozoomdar

WITHIN five hundred miles of the mud and steamy moisture of Calcutta there are historical and picturesque spots on both banks of the Ganges, fine dry townships and meadowlands full of the wealth of old associations. Ghazipur is just such a township. It is four hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of the metropolis, high on the riverside, built here and there on heaps of brick-red ruins, some of the old walls and structures still remaining intact. It is a Mohammedan town mostly, the name Ghazipur signifying the City of the Martyrs. An Islamite fanatic and martyr is a Ghazi, who still flourishes in the frontier provinces of the northwest, rushing occasionally into British territories to kill or to be killed, which means the same thing to him, and to be translated into paradise immediately by an immediate downrush of Ferishtas (angels) both male and female. The Ghazi is a very shaggy and fierce individual, with hair, beard, mustache, at full length, dressed and turbaned in loose blue cloth, generally carrying no other weapon but a sharp knife, which never fails of its deadly purpose. He is not to be met with at Ghazipur now, or indeed in any settled British province, but he is still extant and held in great reverence by every faithful follower of the Prophet. When the Ghazi founded Ghazipur no one can tell.

The town is sparsely populated, having large fields and pastures, large mosques in every stage of decay, big tanks half dry, and gardens ancient and mediæval, growing wild, but still inclosed in crumbling walls. In the interspaces of the extensive meadows dividing groups of population they cultivate roses and one or two other flowers, the roses always predominating. No less than one thousand acres are under rose cultivation, yielding daily about one hundred thousand roses per acre. The cultivators are almost all of them Hindus, men, women, boys, girls, who stir very early in the morning, before the first gleam of sunshine has dried a drop of dew on the petals of the flowers. The flowers are not large, nothing like the traditional Rose of Sharon, or the product of the gardener's hot-house; they belong to the species known as the Rosa Damascena; but the scent is so sharp as to be almost intoxicating, and penetrates the atmosphere, not to speak of the house or the place of manufacture. It is quite a scene to find your way into

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one of the plantations in twilight in the genial months of March or April. The roses never bloom before or after those spring months. The loud, piercing notes of the *papia*, the bird of the spring, are in the air, besides other minor choir; the morning breeze creeps up from the west; the swaying tree-tops, merry laughter, and excited shouts greet your ears from all sides, and as you are in the middle of the field heaps of crisp, fresh roses are before you in baskets, in swelling waist-cloths, or still unplucked on the dark bushes around; the color and perfume almost bewilder you. Remember, no human beings under a civilized government are so crushed with poverty as the Indian cultivator, especially in the western and northwestern provinces. Millions of them never have a full meal in the day, and whenever drought occurs and famine breaks out they are the first victims, dying by thousands. Nearly a hundred and fifty years of British rule have not improved their lot. And these rose cultivators of Ghazipur belong to that unfortunate class. But the first and most significant thing you find on entering the plantation of a morning is the wonderful good humor and remarkable courtesy of the people. There is no gloom of the fatalist on their faces, there is no evil-smelling squalor of pauperism about them. Pleasure and enthusiasm mark their movements. Is it the adaptation that is natural between trade and temperament, or is it the very genius of the Hindus of all classes? Why should the civilization of free and wealthy races teach us wants which they do not care to supply, and which we, hard workers as we are, cannot find the means to remove? Leave us alone with our humble cheerfulness, that is enough. These cultivators strive to explain every detail of their work in their simple, rude *patois*, and make liberal presents of their rose-buds. The plants stand in long rows in a light, loamy soil; they are not manured, but kept scrupulously clean and plentifully watered from the open wells that lie in their midst. Practically the harvest time is the two spring months. If the wind steadily blows from the west, the flower unfolds its petals slowly and economically, and yields the right amount of *atar* (essential oil). But if the east wind makes its unwelcome visit, the flowers open prematurely in large masses, nor is the yield of atar up to the mark. The cultivator has little trouble with the plants, which would stand on the ground for years; he has only to keep out the weeds and pump out the water.

My host, one of the first men at Ghazipur, was a manufacturer of rose-water and atar. I was sometimes invited to witness the processes. The distillation, like the gathering in the fields, must commence very early in the morning, before the sun is in the sky and when everything is in pureness and coolness. The lady of the house really presides over the operation; the gentleman only supervises. She has to dress in well-washed white garments, and seat herself on a low stool before the immense boiling pot, which is plastered up to the neck with a thick coating of clean, finely ground earth. A glowing hot fire of dry, plentiful fuel, free from smoke or dirt of every kind, burns underneath. On all important occasions, when any responsible work has to begin, the Hindu instinctively assumes a solemn ceremonial mood, as if there is a Presence to be propitiated. Roses and religion, in fact flowers of all kinds, have a necessary relation to the Hindu mind, and he hesitates to tread upon—nay, even to touch with his foot—a bright blooming flower, as if it had a life and a mission! Fully one thousand roses are crammed and crushed into the boiling pot in an almost sacrificial spirit, while we all silently stand round, and the heavy lid is pressed down and pasted round thickly and firmly. It seems like a massacre of the innocents, but the fragrant steam soon makes its way through the complicated tubes of the still into another huge pot immersed in cold water. All day the distillation goes on; the next day another thousand roses are put in the already distilled water; the day after another thousand again. After this third distillation is concluded, the real Ghazipur rose-water is bottled and sent to the market. If, instead of the rose-water, *atar*, the essential oil of roses, has to be extracted, the thrice-distilled water is exposed over night

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in shallow, wide-faced basins, and by the morning the cream, in a very thin crust, floats on the surface. At the very break of day it is gathered carefully with a soft downy feather and the scanty, golden semi-fluid is stored in a crystal phial. It is a ghastly sight at the close of day to look at the colorless lump cast out of the boiling pot—that is the only remnant of the thousands of bright, beautiful roses crushed into it. But their beauty, sweetness, life, and use are now changed into new, higher, and more ethereal forms for larger and better use. Sacrifice, hard, hot, cruel sacrifice, is the only process by which mortal virtue can ever be perpetuated in immortal life!

The Doctor's Wife Speaks

By Sara Andrew Shafer

IT had been raining steadily for three days. Everybody's plans were spoiled, and everybody bore the spoiling, after his or her own fashion. A long-continued rain is a mighty touchstone of character.

There was no discontent on the face of the Doctor's beautiful old wife as she looked up at the leaden skies. With a quaint mimicry which was a part of her versatile French nature, she quoted, smiling: "He are goot for cabbages, anyway, and ve most be t'ankful for dat."

Some one looked at her inquiringly.

"Only a phrase I learned long ago from a dear friend," she explained. "Would you like to know why it means a great deal to me?"

They could ask for nothing better.

"I say 'dear friend' deliberately," said the Doctor's wife, a *grande dame*, if ever *grande dame* existed. "And I say it with pride, although for fifty years she had been our village mainstay as 'occasional helper,' and had cleaned our houses for so long that she knew our possessions better than we knew them ourselves. Her hands were hard and knotted, her back was bent, and there was no place on her kind old face where a wrinkle might be where a wrinkle was not; but the parlors she kept in such perfect order were never graced by better manners than hers, and no truer gentlewoman than she ever sat at the tables spread by her hands. You smile? Wait until I have done.

"The Doctor and I had just begun our married life when John and Hedda Neilsen came over the sea from Sweden. They, too, were but newly married, and it was Hedda's dowry that paid for the little house and lot on the outskirts of the little town, and Hedda's industry that had filled the closets with homespun blankets and napery which any bride might envy. She was a fresh, handsome girl, with abundant yellow hair, with blue eyes and a superb figure. She wore the simple costume of a Swedish peasant, and her hair was braided in the shining coil dear to Swedish hearts. It was most strange that so attractive a girl should have given herself to a man like John Neilsen, thin, lazy, irresolute, with the shifty, pale blue eyes of one who will be sure, sooner or later, to find the downward pathway. In my young ignorance I was indignant that so much had been wasted on so little. I did not know then the first words of the great law of compensation which always gives to the weak something on which to lean, and to the strong a trial by which more strength may come.

"John was a well-digger by profession, and in the long weeks when no new wells were needed he sat on a box outside the Swedish grocery and regarded the affairs of the street. Sometimes Hedda could coax him into working for an hour or two in the garden she had planted, and from which she hoped for a great revenue. Otherwise he decorated the empty soap-box and looked up and down the street. It was inevitable that the breadwinning should fall on Hedda.

"At first she busied herself only with fine laundry-work brought to her, but the exquisite neatness of her bare little

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rooms soon commended her to the housekeepers of the Middle-Western town, in which the problem of domestic service was a pressing one, and almost directly Hedda was engaged for almost every day in the year. Her strength was great, and her care of our belongings such that it was a pleasure to have house-cleaning time come, and to hear her clear voice and see her bright face as she swept and scrubbed and polished. She routed far deadlier foes than dust, and she left behind things far better than spotless floors.

"She never gossiped about her patrons, but about her own affairs she chattered with the freedom of a child. Her soft, broken English, with its misplaced nouns and confused tenses, fell very pleasantly on the ear as she talked of her far-away home, and the cheerful hopes she had of buying a little farm which was to be given up wholly to cabbages.

"'See bin so smard to vork in de cabbages,' the loyal woman would say of her husband. 'His fader haf a larch cabbage—what you call him?—garden in Sveden, so see learn dere, and here, in de black dirt, he make dem big hets, Yohn's cabbage do. Dis year bin so moch rain de odder tings all die, but de rain bin goot for de cabbages anyvay, and so ve most be t'ankful for dat. When Yohn sell dem, it is bet' dat de peoples pays de money to me, 'stid of her. See got such a vay spending money, I not like her to git moch. It is more bet' dat I keep de money.'

"It was indeed! All the money that came into poor John's hands was quickly in the pocket of the nearest saloon-keeper, but of this Hedda made no sign.

"Little children came soon and fast—pretty, flaxen-haired little things, not one inheriting the splendid physique of the mother, but all looking out on life with John's pale, irresolute eyes, and moving listlessly, as he moved. The Doctor used sometimes to come home in a rage.

"'Hedda has another little boy,' he reported one morning. 'This makes seven little mouths for her to feed, but she is as much delighted as if he were her first-born and she had the wealth of all the Indies to rely on. She is a pearl, but she has certainly been cast before a swine. John sat in the kitchen and wept all night, but when he saw the boy he was so rejoiced that he began to unscrew the clock from the wall.

"'"What for you do dat, John?" asked one of the women.

"'"I got to haf a trink, you bet," he said, emphatically. "I bin dat glad to haf more boys, he got to be velcome mit a goot tram. I got no money now to vaste, 'cause Hedda she ain't vork for few days, so I make sell de clock. By gosh, I glad I got some more boys, and de clock he got to pay for de vilkommen-trink."

"'I knew it was wrong, but it's done now. I loaned John a dollar to get drunk in the baby's honor, so the clock is safe.'

"As the years went on, and she was with us in times of joy and of sorrow, we came to know Hedda better, and to see more of the true refinement and beauty of her innocent and unselfish nature. To her large charity and hopefulness everything was right and good. 'Ve most be t'ankful for dat,' was a phrase so often on her lips that it became a part of the village speech. The simple and honest way in which she spoke of the most sacred things showed the depth of her faith in God. Everything came directly from him, therefore everything was well. If it rained on a day one had hoped for fair weather, why, rain filled the cisterns and laid the dust. If the sun shone so persistently that we were in danger of a drought, sunshine was good for the corn, and 'all peoples feels more cheerful ven dey sees de goot sun shining avay.' If a child were born, there was plenty of room and work in this fine Amerika, although it was a pity it could not have begun its life in Sveden, and have the deep, cold lakes and the dark fir-trees to remember, and the Northern Lights to think about. If any one died, well, surely the good God had plenty of places in his big heaven for all his children, and especially for those who had fallen on evil ways here. Of the worst of these she would say, with tender pity:

"'Dem poor fellows! Dey hain't had de right shance, maybe! *I* are vicked alongside of de goot Lord, but you bet if I was Her, I'd let dem come in some

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quiet place where dey can't do no harm. See can make heafen as larch as ever See like, and a nice safe corner for de poor bad ones can't hurt anybody, and you bet See is fix it all right somehow.'

"So she saw good in everybody and everything, and bore her many burdens with a courage so high that she seemed not to know they were burdens.

"One day the Doctor was sent for in haste. John had been hurt by the caving in of a well he was digging. He came back with a very grave face.

"'Yes, he was drunk, or it need not have happened,' he said. 'It is a very serious injury, and he cannot possibly outlast the night. I am going back to see him, though, poor John! But, indeed, my dear, I haven't the courage to tell Hedda. She trusts me so, and she is so devoted to him. Do you think you—would you—?'

"'Do I think I can go back with you and tell her myself? Yes, I will go.'

"We walked quickly through the streets, on which the early night had fallen. We could not speak of the parting our friends must face. We loved Hedda, and no matter what John seemed to us, we knew that to his true wife he was the one man in all the world.

"She met us at the door.

"See awful bad, Doctor," she said. "See ain't know me nor none of de young vons. Dey bin all in dere—de whole nine of dem. Vat you t'ink, Doctor. See be all right pretty qvick?"

"The Doctor took her hands, and I put my arms around her.

"'Yes, Hedda, my dear,' I said. 'John will be well very soon now. Well, and strong, and free from temptation. Do you understand what I mean?'

"She looked at me wide-eyed. She looked at the Doctor's bowed head. She turned perfectly white, and flung herself on the floor, clasping his knees.

"'Oh, no! no! Doctor! No! no! You must safe her. I cannot let her go. See needs me so moch! You most help her! I vill not ask dat you make her vell; maybe dat's bet' not, but I be satisfy if you keep her so see lays alvays in de bed. I vill vork so hard; de children will vork so hard to take care of her. In de bed see cannot get—vat make de trouble. Only keep her in de bed, Doctor. Only do dat! I lofe her so. Do you hear?'

"After John was buried, she went about her work without any complaint. There seemed no thought of rebellion in her breast. She never mentioned her husband. In that one passionate cry, 'I lofe her so. Do you hear?' her heart had spoken once and for always.

"One by one her children grew to young manhood and womanhood. Only two passed it. The fatal weakness which had made poor John turn to drink for strength made them an easy prey to the White Death whose shadow has fallen on almost every hearthstone.

"'It bin Yinny's turn now,' she said quietly one day, as she tied on her apron and picked up her scrubbing brush. "See bin knooting and knooting all night, and de fever *so* bad! I know! I know! Ven a voman see it six time, she know what all dat mean. But dose funeral is all pay for, every one, an' I got little someding in de bank, so I most be t'ankful for dat.'

"Nobody's ailing had daintier jellies and broths than hers. Nobody's ill languished in cleaner rooms or on more spotless beds. Nobody's dying went down into the Valley of the Shadow guided by the light of a firmer faith in the goodness of God, or cheered by the presence of a serener courage, than did the children of that poor well-digger. They loosened the hold of Hedda's faithful hard hands only to touch the soft palms of bright beings not so different from the mother they had known as to seem at all strange. I have often thought that all Hedda Neilsen need do when her summons should come would be to hold up those worn old hands before God's eyes.

"Do not cry, my dear. As lives go, hers was both a happy and a successful one—and it is all over now. We laid her to rest two years ago, when the apple-trees about her little home were white with bloom. The release came unheralded and while she slept, and wherever is the place prepared for loyal hearts and true, there I know Hedda is happy, and I cannot think that John is so very far away from her."

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The New Old Testament[1]

"OLD Testament History," by Professor Smith, of Amherst College, presents in compact form the latest interpretation of the new view of the Old Testament, from the pen of one of the most eminent Biblical scholars of America. Similar work has often been done before. But it needed to be done again. Ewald's monumental "History of Israel" will never be superseded, for the work of genius never can be superseded; but some of its conclusions need to be corrected in the light of later scholarship, and it is quite too voluminous for the ordinary reader. Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" will always remain a classic, and its abundant Scripture references make it an invaluable basis for Bible study; but it has the defect incidental to its excellence, in that it does not state, and indeed carefully avoids stating, clearly, the differences between the old and the new view of the Bible. Renan's "History of the People of Israel" is imaginative and suggestive, but in it, as in all Renan's writings, scholarship is made the servant of the imagination, rather than imagination the servant of scholarship. Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament" is an indispensable text-book to the student, but it is a text-book to be studied, not a history to be read. Dr. Smith's volume is critical without being polemical, interesting though not imaginative, scholarly without pedantry, and radical but not destructive. The author is himself an authority, and his volume is the best single presentation with which we are familiar of the modern view of Old Testament history.

Yet, on some points, we differ from him.

Any such history must be partly founded on surmise; and with some of Dr. Smith's surmises we do not agree. We think, for example, that it is far more probable that Abraham was a historical character, though his history is largely mythical, than that he was a "creation of the legend-building imagination—working under the necessities of the patriarchal theory." Some of Dr. Smith's deductions we do not accept. We do not agree that in the phrase "Let us make man in our image" there "are traces of other heavenly powers with whom God consults;" we think it far more likely that the plural is simply a plural of dignity. And in one more important respect we find ourselves in disagreement with him, as with most of the school of which he is so distinguished a representative. In our judgment, in their reaction against the old conception of the Bible as the product of supernaturally endowed men, and in their adoption of the evolutionary conception of it as the record of a progressive revelation, they do not sufficiently recognize that a supreme factor in all human progress has been men who were not the product of their age, though modified by it, nor merely the representative of their age, though in some sense representing it, but far in advance of their age—men whom Carlyle calls heroes, whom secular history calls geniuses, and whom theology calls inspired. "Universal History," says Carlyle, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modelers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these."

Evolution as applied to human history does not mean a uniform progress of society from a lower to a higher stage of development; it does not imply that England has now greater dramatists than Shakespeare, or Italy greater poets than

[1] *Old Testament History.* By Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., Professor of Biblical History and Interpretation in Amherst College. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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Dante, or that Greece in the first century of the Christian era had greater philosophers than Plato. These and kindred Great Men were sent into the world to reveal to it before undreamed of phases of truth and beauty, toward which, after the revelation was made, the world of men has slowly developed. They were Interpreters of the Divine to men. In Hebrew history these Great Men were great in spiritual consciousness; what they revealed was the life of God in human experience; and they revealed it, in various phases of experience, to a people always slow-minded, often spiritually stupid, sometimes recalcitrant and resistant to the heavenly vision. Of these Great Men, of this revelation of the religious life through leaders of exceptional spiritual genius, in a word of the phenomenon of inspiration, writers of the modern critical school appear to us to take too little count. To apply Carlyle's phrase, the soul of Hebrew history, it may be justly considered, were the history of these prophetic souls. That history centers in successive epochs around such men as Moses, David, the unknown author of Deuteronomy, the unknown author or authors of the Levitical Code, and the great prophets. In this article we endeavor to hint to our readers the modern view of the History of Israel—we can here do no more than that—as it centers about and receives its inspiration from Israel's Great Men.

The book of Genesis is not historical. It is a collection of prehistoric myths and legends, collected together and rewritten as a preface to the history. These legends bear much the same relation to the later records that the stories of Romulus and Remus do to Roman or the Arthurian legends do to English history. How far they are historical is not known and cannot be ascertained, and is quite immaterial. Their value lies, not in their historical accuracy, but in the spiritual lessons of which they are made the vehicle. Nor is the subsequent history of Israel, as we find it recorded in the books of Exodus, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah, inerrant. It is composed, as all history is composed, of pre-existing materials. To some extent we can by analysis discover its component parts. Generally the writer is an editor or compiler rather than an author. The value of this history depends, not on the scholastic accuracy of its details, but on the writer's interpretation of the divine design in the career of the nation whose history he records, and his perception of the divine Power which directs all events to the fulfillment of this design.

The History of Israel begins with the Exodus. In that event we see the birth of a great nation; and as its father and leader, a figure dim and shadowy, but sufficiently descried to enable us to know him not only as a Great Man but as one of the greatest of great men, not only as a hero, but as one of the most heroic of history's heroes. He was the first of the human race to see that loyalty to God means liberty for man. He was the greatest of Israel's prophets and by far the greatest of Israel's statesmen; nor would it be easy to discover in any subsequent history of the Church a prophet so great, or in the subsequent history of the world a statesman so great. Egyptian philosophy taught in its higher circles that there is one God; but this was a mystery reserved for the few. Moses proclaimed it as a truth which all the people had a right to know. He abolished from Israel forever the distinction between esoteric and exoteric theology. At the same time he declared to Israel that this one God was their God, that he was a righteous God and demanded righteousness of his people, and that he demanded nothing else. And righteousness he defined as reverence and loyalty toward God, and respect for the rights of one's fellow-men. Moses's interpretation of religion is all comprised in the Book of the Covenant, and substantially all of it in the Ten Commandments. To reverence God, to honor one's parents, and to respect one's neighbor's rights of person, property, reputation, and the family, and to do this from the heart, willingly, cheerfully, because one does not wish to do anything else, this is the sum of religion according to Moses.

Two centuries and a half pass by—centuries of colonial life, of tribal jealousies and strifes, of internecine wars,

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of suffering at times under foreign despotisms, at other times from border warfare, and of constant political confusion amounting almost to anarchy, with leaders great and small, but with none great enough to truly organize a nation. Then comes another Great Man on the stage of Hebrew history—David, the son of Jesse. David begins his life as other leaders who had preceded him began theirs, as a *quasi* freebooter. He gathers about him a body of discontents and becomes a kind of Hebrew Robin Hood. But he has at once greater ambitions than such leadership can satisfy, greater capacity than such achievements can exhaust, and a religious patriotism which inspires him with a noble purpose. The southern tribes look to him to defend them from the constant forays from the Philistines on the southern borders, and this he accomplishes. The northern tribes find in his success a promise of protection for them as well; and so presently he is crowned king of all the tribes. If he had been only a warrior, his régime would have ended as did that of the judges who preceded him. But he has the genius to see that organization is necessary to permanency. He is the first man in Hebrew history, perhaps in human history, to grasp this fundamental truth. He succeeds in uniting the twelve separate States in one nation, with a capital at Jerusalem. He succeeds in creating a permanent army, which he organizes on principles which have come down from his time to our day, and are the essential principles of military organization in all civilized countries. He organizes the church, with a priesthood, a choir, and a central tabernacle at Jerusalem, the conversion of which into a temple he is perforce compelled to leave to his son. From the time of Moses to the time of David the history is that of the people Israel; from the time of David it is that of a nation. So efficient and thorough is this double work—the organization of the thought and spirit by Moses, the triple organization of the nation, the army, and the church by David, that Israel remains to this day a nation though without a country, a phenomenon having no parallel in the history of the world.

Was David also a poet? Early and persistent tradition says Yes. Dr. Smith says No! In this he follows the precedents of the school which he represents. It is assumed that a man of David's time and David's temperament could not write poetry of the type of the Psalms which have been attributed to him. It is true that no scholars any longer think of the Psalter as the Psalms of David; true that the Psalter, which was the Hymn-book of the Jewish People, is unquestionably a collection of lyrics from various poets, made up of contributions from some eight centuries of national life. It is true that literary considerations in some instances, and philological considerations in others, forbid us from attributing to David many of the Psalms which an uncritical legend has attributed to him. But the fact that David's religion was of a very primitive type does not prevent us from thinking that he was a poet of no mean order. His generous refusal to take the life of his enemy Saul when Saul was in his power, his gentle yielding to the persuasions of Nabal's wife and the sparing of her churlish husband, his chivalric refusal to drink the water which his three loyal friends brought him at the hazard of their lives from the well at Bethlehem—these and kindred instances show in him the spirit which makes a great poet; and the form of Hebrew poetry, without either rhyme or rhythm, was such as to require for its mastery no literary culture, such as belongs probably to a different nature and certainly to a later epoch. That he was the author of any considerable proportion of the Psalter no scholar any longer supposes. That he was one of the earliest of Israel's writers of lyrics, and that his psalms were at once a model and an inspiration to others, we think there is very good reason to believe.

Between three and four centuries more pass by. Civil war has rent the kingdom of Israel into two kingdoms; foreign alliances have deflected the course of the national development; foreign religion has entered into its life and corrupted not only its theology but its morals; religious persecution, initiated by a paganized king, has done

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much to paganize the kingdom. Israelites who are loyal to the religion of Moses and David are much in the condition in which the Huguenots of France were in the reign of Francis I. Then it is that an unknown prophet, writing in secret, endeavors to revive the lost religion of his Fathers. He revives the simple, ethico-spiritual religion of Moses and applies its vital principles to the conditions of his own time. He does this primarily as a relief to his own surcharged soul; secondarily, perhaps, in hope that in some way, he knows not how, God will make his tractate available to call the people back to their God and to their earlier faith. In his writing he incorporates oral traditions of that faith which has come down from the Mosaic age, and possibly also ancient and fragmentary writings. This is the Book of Deuteronomy. It consists in the main of five or six addresses supposedly delivered by Moses toward the close of his life. It is not, what it has sometimes been called, an ecclesiastical fraud. It is cast in the form of addresses by Moses as a method of indicating the author's spirit and purpose, which is not to found a new faith, but to revive an old one. It is Mosaic in the same sense in which the New Theology is the theology of the Greek Fathers, or the political principles of Grover Cleveland are Jeffersonian—in this sense and in no other. The Book of Deuteronomy is one of the great books of human history. It is great in its exalted conception of God, and in its spirit of generous humanity not only far beyond its age, but beyond that attained as a practical ideal for many centuries after; it is great also in the political principles which it enunciates, the spirit of justice and liberty which pervades it, and the wise provisions which it makes for preserving the rights of the common people from the hands of the oppressor and the spoiler. By it attainder was forbidden, human life, liberty, and property were carefully guarded, special provisions were made for the detection of secret crime, public instruction was required, free speech was guaranteed, except such as was treasonable because subversive of the fundamental law, and special clauses guarded the poor, the fatherless, and the foreigner. We doubt whether any single document in the world's history has had so great an effect upon the political life of the human race as has the Book of Deuteronomy by its combination of the civic ideals to be attained and the practical methods by which to attain them.

Some three centuries more pass by, centuries of significant activity, literary and other, which the brevity of this sketch compels us to ignore. Then Palestine is overrun by successive armies, the land is devastated, Jerusalem is taken, and first the people of Israel, the Northern Kingdom, and later the people of Judah, the Southern Kingdom, are carried into captivity. The history of Israel appears to have come to an end. What a tragedy is the death of a nation! What prevents this tragedy in the case of Israel is their religion, and what preserves their religion is their ecclesiastical organization and their ceremonial order. These have been a long time growing up. Partly originating in the nation itself, partly borrowed from the sacrificial systems of the people about them but greatly modified, this ecclesiastical and ceremonial organization gave form to the religious faith and devotional spirit of the Jewish people. If during the later years of this people, and especially during their captivity, religion had been a merely personal experience, it would hardly have survived the shock. Their priesthood constituted even in captivity a kind of *imperium in imperio*, their ritual a kind of formal and external bond uniting the people in one community by its formal expression of their spiritual faith. How did this elaborate Levitical Code grow out of a religion whose earlier expression of faith and duty was all summed up by the Ten Commandments? Who can tell? Who can trace the historic process by which the simple and democratic brotherhood of the Apostolic Church grew into the elaborate imperial hierarchy of Rome; or the Last Supper, simplest of memorials, into the splendor of the mass; or the obligations of faith and the inspirations of hope interpreted by the Sermon on the

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Mount into the Westminster Confession of Faith? Suffice it to say that during the Exile the remains of the priesthood and the memories of the Temple service kept alive the religious faith of the exiles, and on their return to their native land the Temple was rebuilt, the priesthood rehabilitated, and the ceremonial code finally edited and completed in the form in which we now possess it in the Levitical laws. The author or authors are unknown, the date uncertain—in truth, the Levitical Code has no date, for it is a growth, not a creation. It has long since served its purpose as a living law, and now belongs where it is placed, by the consent of all Christians and of an increasing number of Jews, in the museum in which mankind preserve the venerated relics of a past life.

If the Levitical priesthood have their analogue in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the prophets have their analogue in the Reformed preachers. These prophets were the inheritors of Mosaism, and its interpreters. To them religion was a life, not a form; individual and personal rather than ecclesiastical and ceremonial. They were impatient of priests and sacrifices, of Temple and ritual. To deal bread to the hungry was better than to fast; to relieve the oppressed was better than a multitude of sacrifices. Their teachings will never become antiquated. These writings are the bequest which Israel has given to the world, and which it will not lose unless it should lose that faith and hope and love which alone make life worth living. Humanity will always need to go back to them to learn afresh their lessons: from Amos that God is just; from Hosea that he is tender, patient, and long-suffering; from Micah that he is the God of the poor and will punish those who wrong his poor; from Isaiah that he is the God of nations, the power behind all political powers, working out his own divine designs in history; from Jeremiah that he is the God of individuals, dealing righteously with every man as though there were no other man in all the universe; from Ezekiel that he is the Universal Presence, the One whose companionship makes the desert as sacred as the Temple; and from the Great Unknown that he is the Saviour of the world, redeeming it from its own self-destruction by bearing its sins, carrying its burdens, and sharing its sorrows.

We do not here consider whether this conception of the Old Testament is more rational and self-consistent than the one which it is gradually supplanting; nor whether it gives a large sense of the presence of God in the world of men, and so makes it a more effectively religious book; we simply describe it as we apprehend it, and leave it to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures of an Army Nurse in Two Wars: Edited from the Diary and Correspondence of Mary Phinney. By James Phinney Munroe. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 355 pages. $1.50, net.

With the material at her command, the writer, a New England woman who in her fortieth year married a German nobleman, a Revolutionist of '48, and was left a widow after three years, should have been able to make her "Adventures" more exciting. The correspondence is made up chiefly of the little happenings in the hospital wards; and for publication at this time should have been edited to do away with some of the writer's provincialism, of which we give examples: "Isn't it provoking I never can get Massachusetts boys in my ward? . . . How I hate my Reb wounded! . . . First I had some Rebels in my ward, but I made the doctor take them out and fill the ward with Union. The Rebels make me so mad. . . . I don't think I can dress their wounds any more. . . . The only way I could spite them was to give them one less blanket than ours had." The second half deals with the Franco-German War.

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Barbe of Grand Bayou. By John Oxenham. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

A tragic story of fishermen's life in Brittany, in which a double murder and a horrible attempt at murder play a ghastly part. There is vigor and there is thrill in the story, but it is greatly injured by lack of restraint in the author's imagination. Having got his hero into a wonderful cave, he proceeds to invent a loathly worm big enough to carry a man in its maw, a devilfish big enough to swallow the worm, and a petrified primitive man. All this is puerile; one feels that the author is capable of better work.

Bar Sinister (The). By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8 in. 108 pages. $1.50.

A very attractive edition of an admirable dog story, the chief figure in the narrative being a real dog who has many friends and is known as "Kid." It is here reproduced in small quarto, with luxurious margins and a series of illustrations in color by E. M. Ashe.

Beaten Path (The). By Richard Lawrence Makin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 544 pages. $1.50.

A novel dealing incidentally with the labor question, with doubtful gigantic combinations of capital of the kind which by adding two and two together persuade the stock-buying public that the result is about eight, and with individual questions of conscience in modern conditions of life. The author shows notable special knowledge of the business world, of the methods by which some great corporations fleece their stockholders and the public, and of legal byways and subterfuges. But the book is also a careful and unusually strong study of character, has a rather elaborate plot, and is written with more than average literary taste.

Beginnings of Christianity (The). By Paul Wernle. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, M.A. Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 389 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Ben Jonson. Edited by Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford. (The Mermaid Series.) In 3 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×7 in. $3, net.

These three volumes recently added to the Mermaid Series contain a selection of the dramatist's most representative plays taken from the quartos published after the production of the plays, from the 1660 Folio, which contained revised versions with additions, and from the Folios of 1631–40. The latest and most revised reading has been adopted by the editor; and the volumes are long, narrow, and very comfortable to the hand.

Black Chanter and Other Highland Stories (The). By Nimmo Chester. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 226 pages. $1.50.

A volume of tales of Scotland some seven centuries ago. They have a wild, tragic power and are pitched in an imaginative, semi-unearthly tone characteristic of the Highland strain. There is poetical fancy here, and also unity of spirit and purpose. Each tale has a strong and singular situation. The stories are well invented and well told.

Camp Fidelity Girls. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 273 pages. $1.20, net.

This tells of the novel vacation spent by four boarding-school girls made exiles by an epidemic of scarlet fever in their home town. They are all jolly New England girls, and their summer's experience on an abandoned farm is brightly told.

Cavalier in Exile (The): Being the Lives of the First Duke and Dutchess of Newcastle. Written by Margaret, Dutchess of Newcastle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3½×6¼ in. 242 pages. $1, net.

The Caxton Series of books is increasing so rapidly in number that it will soon be possible to have a delightful library of small books with flexible binding and thin paper. One benefit from this form of publication is that not a few books of real interest, but little known to the general reading public, may now be had in convenient form and at a very moderate price. The present book is an excellent illustration. The lives of the first Duke and the Duchess of Newcastle were full of romance and adventure; their escape from the forces of Cromwell and the incidents of the great Civil War as they saw it make capital reading; while the whole book abounds in a certain quaintness and old-time manner of discourse that add to its charm.

Crabbe. By Alfred Ainger. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 210 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Criminal Classes (The): Causes and Cures. By D. R. Miller, D.D. Illustrated. United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, O. 5½×7½ in. 250 pages. $1, net.

Dante's Divine Comedy: The Book and Its Story. By Leigh Hunt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 217 pages. $1, net.

Dutch Founding of New York (The). By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 218 pages. $2.50, net.

Mr. Janvier has evidently been engaged in a work of love in this historical narrative. By descent, through literary association, and in other ways the author is closely interested in this particular subject. The narrative for the most part is a plain, straightforward statement of facts, but here and there it is lightened by a touch of humor, and the dramatic and human elements are always put well to the front. There are many photographic reproductions of rare prints and maps, and in exterior form the book has been given every advantage. We hope to speak of it at greater length in connection with other historical works of the season.

Early Political Machinery in the United States. By George D. Luetscher, Ph.D. Published by the Author, Philadelphia. 5¾×9½ in. 160 pages.

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Elements of Arithmetic in Theory and Practice. By J. W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 548 pages. 55c.

Elements of Dairying. By John W. Decker. Illustrated. Published by the Author, Columbus, Ohio. 5½×8 in. 115 pages.

Elizabethan Lyric (The). By John Erskine, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

English Heroic Play (The). By Lewis Nathaniel Chase. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 250 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Faerie Queene (The). Book I. By Edmund Spenser. (Macmillan Pocket and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 295 pages. 25c.

Fairy Legends of the French Provinces. Translated by Mrs. M. Cary. Illustrated. (Children's Fairy Classics.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 296 pages. 60c.

Charming pictures illustrate these folk-lore tales, many of them originally taken down from the lips of French peasants, and well worthy of the translation into English which they have now received.

Familiar Letters; or, Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ. In 3 vols. By James Howell. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 50c. per vol.

Flodden Field: A Tragedy. By Alfred Austin. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 137 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Florestane the Troubadour. By Julia De Wolf Addison. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 307 pages. $1.

Founder of Christendom (The). By Goldwin Smith. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5×7½ in. 44 pages. 50c., net.

This is the second edition of an address delivered by the author to the Unitarian Club of Toronto. Its theological position is that of the humanitarian or radical wing of the Unitarians. Yet its spirit seems to call for a different philosophy, for it recognizes "the miracle of a world transformed by the character and teaching of the son of the carpenter of Nazareth." Of Jesus Christ as the supreme manifestation of God to man through a human life the writer says nothing; this aspect he does not directly controvert, but it does not as a philosophy claim his attention, and evidently does not enter into his creed. But as an appreciation of the character and ethical teachings of Jesus Christ the book is reverent, and, if not comprehensive nor profound, is genuine, simple, and convincing. The spirit which pervades it seems to us more true than the philosophy which underlies it. That spirit is indicated by the closing sentence, in which the author characterizes Jesus as "the genius of nineteen coming centuries; perhaps of the whole future of humanity, unless the Spiritual as well as the Supernatural is doomed and science is henceforth to reign alone." Whatever may be said of the philosophy of the book, orthodoxy could scarcely ask a more comprehensive confession of faith in Jesus Christ as the Life-Giver than is implied in this sentence.

Four Years under Marse Robert. By Robert Stiles, Major of Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

A Southern soldier's account of Southern campaigning in the army of General Lee. It is a book of personal reminiscences—judicial, vital, autobiographic. We should like to have Northern men who imagine that all Confederate soldiers deserve only bitter condemnation read this book. Perhaps they would be more ready to make allowance for differences of education and training, and to recognize the fact that men may be equally conscientious although they take exactly opposite sides of the same moral question. We pick out a few sentences from the volume to illustrate and enforce our meaning: "Few things have ever impressed me as did the intellectual and moral character of the men who composed the circle I entered the day our guide led my brother and myself to the Howitzer camp. . . . The Howitzer Glee Club, trained and led by Frederick Nicholls Crouch, author of 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' was the very best I ever heard, and rendered music at once scientific and enjoyable. . . . There was a private soldier in the battery, a Grecian of such finished skill that I have known him keep, for months together, a diary of the movements of the battery in modern Greek. . . . What now of the essential spirit of these young volunteers? For what did they give their lives? . . . Surely it was not for slavery they fought. The great majority of them had never owned a slave and had little or no interest in the institution. My father, for example, had freed his slaves long years before. . . . Nor was it, so far as Virginia was concerned, a war in support of the right of secession as the Southern interpretation of the Constitution. Virginia did not favor this interpretation; at least she did not favor the exercise of the right of secession. . . . Was it not the God-implanted instinct which impels a man to *defend his own hearthstone?*" The italics are our author's. It was the aggressions of slavery and of secession, incited by ambitious and unscrupulous politicians in the South and weak-kneed and trembling politicians in the North—the latter as culpable and more cowardly than the former—that brought on the war and threatened Virginia with invasion. But it is well for us to remember that of the thousands of men who made up General Lee's army the great majority were inspired by a resolve to protect their homes from peril, and erred, not in the resolve to defend those homes, but in not seeing that the way to defend them was to attack the real assailants, the propagandists of slavery and secession.

Getting One's Bearings. By Alexander McKenzie, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 304 pages. $1.25, net.

Dr. McKenzie is always interesting. In these "talks to college men" he is at his best. One sees why it is that his church in

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Cambridge is attractive to Harvard students. The facts, forces, and tendencies that have to be reckoned in the problem of living a good life are here valued, set forth, and illustrated with ethical insight and with literary skill and grace.

Gareth and Lynette, Lancelot and Elaine, The Passing of Arthur. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (The Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 128 pages. 15c.

Giant's Ruby and Other Fairy Tales (The). By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 292 pages. $1.25, net.

To an interesting text are added a number of appropriate illustrations and decorations from drawings by Katherine Pyle. The fairies, elves, giants, and dwarfs which flit through the pages of this book, and the account of the wonderful transformations which take place, will delight young readers, while older readers will find a message for them in the groundwork of truth and moral philosophy against which these fanciful tales are traced.

Golden Windows (The). By Laura E. Richards. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 123 pages. $1.50.

Fitly named, for the book is a window into a realm as beautiful as it is real. The children who like stories that mean something, and stories about angels, will enjoy the book as much as their elders.

Good-bye, Proud World. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 362 pages. $1.50.

A very entertaining story goes with this sympathetic picture of the overworked newspaper woman who at last finds a haven of rest in the little New England village where is the home of her ancestors, made hers through a relative's legacy. Mrs. Kirk's novels are always good. This is quite the best we remember from her pen.

Gorgo: A Romance of Old Athens. By Charles K. Gaines, Ph.D. The Lothrop Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 507 pages. $1.50.

The scholarship of the author is evident on every page of this interesting romance. It is in narrative form, with a prologue which shows the class-room of a New England college and the narrator suddenly overwhelmed in the midst of a recitation in Greek with the consciousness that what the class reads concerns his own life lived two thousand years before. The memory of this previous existence returns to him clearly, and in the succeeding chapters he relates the history of his former life.

Great Scoop (The). By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 144 pages. $1.

This story is calculated to give boys a rather false idea of the rapidity of the process of "rising from the ranks" in journalism. But, after all, a hero should be allowed exceptional opportunities; and how Richard Henshaw, office-boy, improved his and speedily became a reporter on the staff of the "Daily Times" is very entertainingly related in "The Great Scoop."

Hill Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 398 pages. $3, net.

Mr. Williams naïvely informs us that little seems to have been written concerning the hill towns of Italy. We wonder if he has ever heard of Mr. Henry James's "Foreign Parts," or of Mr. Carmichael's "In Tuscany." We wish that he might have read these before attempting himself to describe what he truly calls the most exquisite region in the world—a region which unites marvelous natural charm with man's art work. In the present volume we have the details of a tour made by one from whose genial companionship, as we visit Arezzo, Perugia, Assisi, and the other towns of Tuscany and Urbino, we gain a great deal of personal, pleasant, and helpful information concerning these places—even if we feel that the glorious country merits a description beyond that in Mr. Williams's pages.

History of England (A). By Charles M. Andrews. (Allyn & Bacon Series of School Histories.) Illustrated. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×8 in. 588 pages. $1.50.

A clear, scholarly, judicial account of the development of England's power, with especial attention to the industrial, religious, and social factors contributing thereto. A thoroughly good text-book for high schools and colleges.

How to Judge Architecture. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 221 pages. $1.50, net.

Few books have been published on the subject of architecture more valuable to the ordinary reader than this. It is fortunate that such a popular book should have been written by one who is justly acknowledged to be a leading critic. He informs us as to Greek, Mediæval, the Revived Classic, Nineteenth Century, and other architecture. His text is clear, concise, and to the point; it is aided by a gratifyingly large number of illustrations. We are glad to have brought together both in text and picture comparisons between the early Grecian temples and the great Gothic cathedrals, and even between these and modern commercial and residential buildings.

Insect Folk (The). By Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 204 pages.

The author has already written some charming nature-books, and this one, adapted to small children, will answer their questions about, and make them more observant of, their insect neighbors.

In the Seven Woods: Being Poems Chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 87 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

In the Tail of the Peacock. By Isabel Savory. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 352 pages. $3.50, net. (Postage, 19c.)

This charming volume well merits its artistic cover and its exquisite paper and print. It comprises a description of a little-known

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country, not such a description as Mr. Meakin has already given us in his valuable "Land of the Moors," but a more intimate personal conversational talk about a journey which might seem somewhat venturesome even to men. Yet this journey was accomplished by two women.

Introduction to Classical Greek Literature. By William Cranston Lawton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages. $1.20, net.

The new works on this subject that have come forward during the last three years indicate that the ancient "classics" have lost no ground, though the Greek language has been reduced to an "optional." Professor Lawton's work shows the hand of a judicious and appreciative scholar, and takes rank among the best of current manuals. Such manuals are most useful when made auxiliary to the more extended reading to which their bibliography directs.

Irish Life in Irish Fiction. By Horatio Sheafe Krans. (Studies in Comparative Literature.) The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.). 5×7¼ in. 338 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Kidnapped Colony (A). By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. $1.25.

This account of how a clever American captured the governorship of an English colony and ruled as its governor for several days has much of the same dash, audacity, and clever invention that characterized "Vive l'Empereur," by the same author. One's sympathy from beginning to end is entirely with the handsome young American.

Lady of the Lake (The). By Walter Scott. Edited by James Chalmers, Ph.D., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 181 pages. 30c.

Lesson of Love (The). By J. R. Miller, D.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 276 pages. 65c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 75 pages.

This is a capital satire on Western civilization, but we hardly believe that any Chinaman had any hand in writing it. Its style is Western, its idealism is Western, even its skepticism is Western. Its theology is that of Comte, its picture of Jesus Christ is that of an Anglicized Renan, its general philosophy a cross between Frederic Harrison and Ruskin. If it was written by an Englishman, it was written by one familiar, though not necessarily at first hand, with Chinese life; if by a Chinaman, it was written by one who has lived so long in the West that he has become, in the habit of thought and in the language with which he clothes it, a cosmopolitan. Some of its intimations are, to one who knows both Chinese and English history, somewhat absurd, as, for example, this sentence: "If it is not so easy for him [the Chinaman] to grow rich as for you, neither is it so easy for him to starve." This statement is made in face of the fact of famines in China which have swept off uncounted thousands of the population, and no famine in England, and only one or perhaps two seasons of destitution worthy to be called a famine in Ireland, within historical periods. So the picture of Chinese rural life is as brightly colored as the picture of English life is sunless and gloomy. But some of the contrasts between Chinese and English life are well, perhaps truthfully, certainly effectively, presented. The Chinaman is said to look first to society and then to the individual. "Among us it is a rule that a man is born into precisely those relations in which he is to continue during the course of his life. As he begins so he ends, a member of his family group, and to this condition the whole theory and practice of his life conforms." In England, on the contrary, "the family is merely a means for nourishing and protecting the child until he is of age to look after himself. . . . As soon as 'they' (the boys) are of age, you send them out, as you say, to 'make their fortune;' and from that moment, often enough, as they cease to be dependent on their parents, so they cease to recognize obligations towards them." Another contrast is between contentment and aspiration or ambition. It is not less sharply, though somewhat less clearly and certainly less truthfully, drawn. "You, as always, are thinking of the means of living; we, of the quality of the life lived. . . . You have liberated forces you cannot control; you are caught yourselves in your own levers and cogs. In every department of business you are substituting for the individual the company, for the workman the tool. The making of dividends is the universal preoccupation; the well-being of the laborer is no one's concern but the State's." This is keen as a satire, but the picture of Chinese life portrayed in order to heighten the satire by contrast is far from true. The book is a small one, only seventy-five pages; it is compact in thought, brilliant in style, keen in analysis, full of color in its pictures, well worth reading; but as "Letters from a Chinese Official" not to be taken too seriously.

Literary Leaders of America. By Richard Burton, Ph.D. (Chautauqua Home Reading Series.) The Chautauqua Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 316 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Little Rivers: A Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness. By Henry van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 348 pages. $1.50.

A new and pleasing edition of a delightful book which may now fairly be called a "little classic."

Little Tea Book (The). Compiled by Arthur Gray. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 99 pages. $1.25.

A gossipy little volume suggestive of peace, comfort, and mild stimulation, abounding in allusions and references from many sources, with ample selections from the poets and with descriptions of the use of tea and the

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usages connected with it in different parts of the world, the whole inclosed in a case of bamboo imitative of a tea-chest.

Man and the Divine Order. By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 448 pages. $1.60, net.

Mr. Dresser's numerous readers will find here a variety of essays dealing with practical and philosophical questions that touch our relation to the universe of mind. Various conceptions of the religious life and the divine order are stated, and are tried by the standards of philosophical idealism. "The essence of the ideal method is to dwell upon the higher, and let the lower fall into line"—a golden saying. The system of thought underlying the dozen volumes now published is outlined in the concluding chapter.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. Illustrated. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 131 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Micky of the Alley and Other Youngsters. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 176 pages. $1, net.

Pleasant little tales for children, though the moral atmosphere in some of them is a bit oppressive.

Modern Practical Theology. By Ferdinand S. Schenck, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 320 pages. $1, net.

While this treatise is specially adapted to the requirements of the Reformed [Dutch] Church, the ample treatment it gives to the subject of Sociology gives it a special interest for all who are interested in the humanizing of theology that is now advancing.

Narrative of Medicine in America. By James G. Mumford, M.D. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 508 pages. $3.

While the great advances recently made in medical science have made antiquated much of earlier lore, the openers of the road deserve the commemoration that Dr. Mumford has given them here. He takes some of the conspicuous physicians and surgeons in each period, and sketches their life and work in a series of brief memoirs, from Zabdiel Boylston, of Boston, "the first American physician of note," to Daniel Drake, whose name, though he died in 1852, "is still quoted with pride in the Ohio valley." While the work is biographical, a history of the progress of medicine and surgery is involved in the sketches of the men who led the way, and in the record of their achievements. An entire chapter is devoted to the story of the discovery of surgical anæsthesia by ether, and the award is made to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of Boston. The book, which closes with a chapter on "Tendencies in Modern Medicine," is well written.

New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary (Successor to Velázquez's Abridged Dictionary). By Arturo Cuyás. Part I. Spanish-English. Part II. English-Spanish. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1,218 pages. $2.

In this work (a successor to Velázquez's "Abridged Dictionary") the aim is to produce in a compact volume, suitable for students, travelers, and business people, a complete and accurate vocabulary of the Spanish language. The highest authority in Spanish lexicography, the "Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy," has been adopted as a groundwork, and the present dictionary includes all words and idioms, except those that have become archaic, contained in that dictionary. In addition, it contains many words not purely Castilian, but in common use in Spanish-American countries. A special feature of this work which will heartily commend itself to students is its treatment of irregular verbs, the fundamental tenses of such verbs from which other modes are formed being given with each infinitive. As several million people whose vernacular is the Spanish language are now bound to the United States, and a knowledge of Spanish has almost become an essential in commercial education, this work ought to attain great vogue.

Norway, Sweden, and Denmark: Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. With Maps, Plans, and Panoramas. (Eighth Edition. Revised and Augmented.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 526 pages. $2.40, net.

The eighth edition of this indispensable guide-book, which has been revised and partly rewritten in order to secure greater accuracy and put in possession of the traveler the latest information about routes, hotels, and places of interest.

Novels of Thomas Love Peacock (The). (Caxton Thin Paper Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 958 pages. $1.25, net.

Another remarkable illustration of the possibility of compressing a small library into a small, thin-paper volume. Here are all the quaint novels, essays, and poems of a bygone but not forgotten author, printed in a pretty, flexibly-bound book, with perfectly legible type.

Old Testament History. By Henry Preserved Smith, D.D. (International Theological Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 512 pages. $2.50, net.

An extended review of this book appears elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography. By Washington Irving. (The Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 382 pages. 45c.

Orchard-Land: A Children's Story. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated in Color. Harper & Bros., New York. 7×9½ in. 112 pages. $1.50, net.

This attractive volume will be a welcome addition to juvenile holiday books. Many interesting facts in natural history are told in the chats which the two children, Peter and Geraldine, hold with the little creatures of Outdoorland, so that instruction is unconsciously absorbed with the entertainment afforded. The illustrations in color, of which there are seven, are beautiful, and tell their story in their own way to the little folks who cannot read.

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On the Distaff Side: Portraits of Four Great Ladies. By Gabrielle Festing. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 281 pages. $1.50.

Though none of the four women here described played any great part in the history of their time, we have in these pen-portraits of them not a little valuable incidental information concerning social conditions in England between 1521 and 1786. The subjects of the portraits are Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury; Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland, and her daughter Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset; finally, that royal spinster, Amelia Sophia Eleanora. The stories are all somber, as were the lives of these four. All had great wealth, great station, little happiness.

Ordered to China. Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages.

This volume is one which should be read after such other excellent accounts of the Boxer atrocities as Dr. Arthur Smith's "China in Convulsion," Dr. Martin's "Siege of Peking," and Dr. Pott's "Outbreak in China." Mr. Chamberlin, the correspondent of the New York "Sun," knew well how to emphasize the picturesque element in the subsequent diplomatic proceedings. He describes not only Chinese decadence, bigotry, and barbarity; he also describes the conceit, woodenness, and intolerance of some of the diplomatic and other foreign representatives at Peking. The volume has melancholy interest; it recounts in ever vivid phrase the last year of Mr. Chamberlin's life. Thus we have not only a contribution to history, but also to biography, in the glimpse of a lovable personality.

Our Government, Local, State, and National. By J. A. James, Ph.D., and A. H. Sanford, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 271 pages. 75c.

A good text-book describing the actual workings of our governmental machinery—local, State, and National. The party machinery by which the governmental machinery is directed has its just place in the survey. The well-merited success of the author's previous book on "Government in State and Nation" gives the assurance of a favorable reception for the present work.

Our Language (Smith and McMurry) Grammar. By C. Alphonso Smith, Ph.D. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Atlanta. 5¼×7¾ in. 263 pages.

Over the Black Coffee. Compiled by Arthur Gray. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 107 pages.

One's attention is first attracted in this odd little volume by the outside cover, which very appropriately has been made into the shape of a regular trade coffee-bag; the material is the trade burlap, with drawing-string and label, all in curious and well-carried-out imitation of the real coffee-bag. The contents of the little book consist of extracts and quotations from all manner of sources relating to coffee and coffee-houses, and include recipes, poems, essays, records of literary associations, and much else.

Passage Perilous (A). By Rosa N. Carey. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7 in. 366 pages. $1.50.

An English love story ending in the good old-fashioned way with all the lovers happily united.

Pickaback Songs. Words by Myrtle Reed. Music by Eva Cruzen Hart. Pictures by Ike Morgan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 9×11½ in. 72 pages. $1.50.

Pippa Passes and Other Dramatic Poems. By Robert Browning. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 286 pages. 50c.

Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By John Smith Harrison. The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 5×7¼ in. 235 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Principles of the Founders (The). By Edwin D. Mead. American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5×8 in. 73 pages. 50c.

In this scholarly Fourth of July address, delivered at Faneuil Hall last summer, Mr. Mead has set forth the doctrines of the founders of the Republic, which he believes to have been violated by the Nation's policy in the Philippines.

Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. (Dent Edition.) **Sketches and Travels, etc. Denis Duval. Lovel the Widower, etc. Christmas Books, etc. Roundabout Papers. Catherine, Major Gahagan, etc.** Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. $1 per vol.

Provincial Types in American Fiction. By Horace Spencer Fiske. (Chautauqua Home Reading Series.) The Chautauqua Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 264 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Recent Literature on Interest (1884–1899): A Supplement to "Capital and Interest." By Eugene V. Böhm-Bawerk. Translated by William A. Scott, Ph.D., and Professor Doctor Siegmund Feilbogen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 149 pages. $1.

Representative Men of the Bible (The). By George Matheson, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×7½ in. 350 pages.

In the character-studies of which this volume contains the second series Dr. Matheson has scope for his rich and fresh imaginativeness. He stands on neutral ground between the higher criticism and the old orthodoxy, seeing only that these portraits are in the Bible, and telling us what he sees in them, or, rather, what he sees in each that is peculiar to itself. Consequently he seldom, if ever, strikes the same note twice. The name of one character, "Melchizedek the Uncanonical," exemplifies the general originality of his treatment, which is suffused throughout with a devotional spirit that soars at the close of each chapter into impassioned prayer.

Reproach of Christ (The). By W. J. Dawson. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 281 pages. $1, net.

The seventeen sermons in this volume, which takes its title from the first of the series, come from the pen of a well-known man of letters, the minister of a large Congregational church in London, whose "Life of

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Christ" has recently been noticed in these columns. That Mr. Dawson is independent of theological traditions appears from his discourse on "Dives in Hades." On the subject of "Christianity in Politics" he holds that "where there is a truly masculine grasp of the principles of Christ's religion, there must needs be for the earnest Christian an earnest enthusiasm for those causes and conditions of the general life which we sum up under the name of politics." In point of ethical, spiritual, and literary merit these rank among the best of modern sermons.

Ramuntcho. By Pierre Loti. Edited by C. Fontaine, B.L., LL.D. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 145 pages.

Reverie (A), and Other Verses and Prose. By John A. Woods. Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 108 pages. $1.

Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 460 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Self-Instructor in Lip-Reading. By Edward B. Nitchie. Published by the Author, 156 Fifth Ave., New York. 5¼×8 in. 162 pages. $1.

Having been obliged to learn the art of lip-reading himself, Mr. Nitchie understands all the better how to help others acquire it. It evinces practical proficiency and the intelligent skill of an apt teacher, and is recommended by one of the highest authority—Alexander Graham Bell. It is especially designed for all who are condemned to silence because "hard of hearing."

Shakespeare Country (The). By John Leyland. Illustrated. (The "Country Life" Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8½×11 in. 131 pages. $1.75, net.

A most interesting collection of pictures relating not only to the Shakespeare country, but also to the localities associated with the names of Franklin and Washington. The photographs have been well reproduced in half-tone; and the size of the page allows of a pleasing variety in the arrangement. The text is an adequate but not an altogether inspiring description of the places depicted.

Ship Ashore. By Edward A. Rand. Illustrated. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 235 pages. 50c., net.

Six Girls: A Home Story. By Fannie Belle Irving. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 456 pages. $1.25.

Studies in the Book: Old Testament—First Series. Exodus. By Revere Franklin Weidner. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 59 pages. 50c.

Not in the line required by modern learning.

Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (Chautauqua Home Reading Series.) The Chautauqua Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 497 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Switzerland: Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. With Maps, Plans, and Panoramas. (Twentieth Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 537 pages. $2.40, net.

The practical value of this book is indicated by the fact that it is now in its twentieth edition. Those who have used it and are familiar with the country with which it deals know that it is a marvel of erudition and of accuracy, and they also know that Switzerland, under the pressure of the tide of modern travel, has so enlarged its facilities, multiplied its hotels, and increased the number of its excursions that a book of this character must be revised every few years.

Temple Bible (The): First and Second Books of Esdras. Edited by Archibald Duff, D.D., LL.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 146 pages. 60c., net.

The editor's introduction to this volume is of special value for the series to which it belongs—the Old Testament Apocrypha. One cannot fully understand the New Testament if ignorant of Jewish thought and history during the gap of centuries between the Old Testament and the New. Dr. Duff's review of this period is illuminating. He connects the books of Esdras in particular, contemporary as they are with the time of Christ, with the earlier thought that appears in that component document of the Pentateuch which critics have distinguished as the "Priestly." Since, as he says, "the historical portraiture of Jesus must include the background against which he stands," he holds that Esdras, though reckoned apocryphal, "might well be called canonical and normative for him who would preach Christ."

Thoughts for Every-Day Living: From the Spoken and Written Words of Maltby Davenport Babcock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2, net.

Tolstoy and His Message. By Ernest H. Crosby. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 95 pages. 50c.

Characterized by the kind of spiritual insight which complete sympathy gives, Mr. Crosby is Tolstoy's disciple because Tolstoy's spiritual experiences have in a remarkable measure been his own. In a remarkably small compass he has set forth the controlling events in Tolstoy's life and the controlling ideas in his religious philosophy.

Twentieth Century Juveniles. Illustrated. **The Little Foresters.** By Clarence Hawkes. **Sheba.** By Anna Chapin Ray. **The Truth About Santa Claus.** By Charlotte M. Vaile. **Jim Crow's Language Lessons, and Other Stories of Birds and Animals.** By Julia Darrow Cowles. **How the Two Ends Met.** By May F. Leonard. **Twilight Tales Told to Tiny Tots.** By Anita D. Rosecrans. **The Mislaid Uncle.** By Evelyn Raymond. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 60c. each.

Of special interest in this series is "The Little Foresters," a story about birds and squirrels. "The Mislaid Uncle" tells of a little girl who crossed the continent on the trains; labeled and ticketed as an express package. A pretty neighborhood story is unfolded in "How the Two Ends Met," and "Sheba" pictures truthfully children in tenement-house life.

Two Prisoners. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5×8 in. 82 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

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United States Catalog (The): Books in Print 1902. Edited by Marion E. Potter. (Second Edition.) The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 6½×10½ in. 2,150 pages. $15.

It would be difficult to overestimate the practical, every-day working value of this work of reference for all who have to do with books—librarians, newspaper men, booksellers, publishers, and reviewers in particular, but also readers generally. In this one portly but manageable volume is found the record of all American books in print and obtainable up to January 1, 1902, while the supplementary cumulative catalogues published by the same firm carry the record close to date—for instance, we have before us a number of the Cumulative Book Index extending the record from January 1, 1902, to September 15, 1903, and a monthly issue of the same publication bringing it down to October 1, 1903. The work of preparing such a catalogue is enormous, and the flood of books from the presses makes it a Herculean task to keep fairly up to date. The invention of the cumulative system, by which entries in one month's catalogue are transferred to their proper alphabetical place in that of the next month, has, however, simplified matters enormously. In the large volume now before us, author-index, title-index, and subject-index are all included under one alphabet. This is in accordance with the best modern ideas of indexing, and is vastly more convenient than the old plan of separate indexes. Simple typographical devices indicate the nature of the individual entries. While there are occasions when one wishes to trace a book regardless of the question whether it is in print or not (which of course is impossible under the plan of this work), the enormous bulk of a catalogue which should cover both fields completely has made a work of this exact restriction most desirable, and it therefore fills a field peculiarly its own. Errors, no doubt, are to be found in it—oddly enough, the first two *titles* we looked for, "Collections and Recollections" and "Napoleon: The Last Phase," are not given, though the books are indexed under the authors' names—but long actual use of the cumulative indexes out of which this great catalogue has been compiled assures the present reviewer that accuracy, carefulness, and invention of original and useful methods mark the undertaking as a whole.

Verba Christi: The Sayings of Jesus Christ. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 292 pages. 50c.

Ways of the Six-Footed. By Anna Botsford Comstock, B.S. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 152 pages.

About bees and wasps and katydids; naturally, therefore, full of interest, and all the better for children since in no way written "down" to them.

Where Love Is. By W. J. Locke. John Lane, New York. 5½×8 in. 358 pages. $1.50.

This is the story of a London society beauty who is roused by a noble love into temporary renunciation of her world, but recognizes in time her own limitations, and returns from her poor artist's "dinner of herbs" over the one golden bridge she had not burnt. It is a dramatic love story, and it seems to us an unusually penetrating analysis of character as it refers to Norma Hardacre. Others of the cast are less convincing, and the contrasting poverty of the painter's studio is much overdone.

What is Worth While Series: A Sailor Apostle. By Frank T. Bullen. **The New Ethics.** By William De Witt Hyde. **The Face of the Master.** By J. R. Miller. **Meditations.** Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. **The Poet's Vision of Man.** By John Walker Powell, Jr. **Mary of Bethany.** By J. R. Miller, D.D. **How to be Self-Supporting at College.** By James Melvin Lee. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. Per vol., 30c., net. (Postage, 5c.)

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels. Translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle. 3 vols. in one. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×6¾ in. 206 pages. $1.25, net.

Witnesses of the Light: Noble Lectures for 1903. By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Works of Rudyard Kipling. (Outward Bound Edition.) Vol. XX., **Just So Stories.** Vol. XXI., **The Five Nations.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. $2 per vol. Sold by subscription only.

Subscribers to this complete edition of Kipling's works will be gratified by observing that his new book, "The Five Nations," is added to the collected edition simultaneously with its publication as a single book. Of the merits of the volume as a collection of poems we shall speak later on; while nothing need be added to the universal appreciation of the "Just So Stories," which form the other volume now issued. We may here repeat, however, our former words of praise for the admirable form in which this edition appears. The type and paper could hardly be excelled. The shape of the volumes is convenient, and they are light in hand, while the cover is artistic and attractive. The delicacy of the color in the cover and the probability of its fading a little in time are, indeed, the only criticisms we have ever heard made against the edition.

Young Ice Whalers (The). By Winthrop Packard. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 397 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 13c.)

The author has put plenty of adventure into this story, and the two young friends who figure most prominently in its pages are made to harpoon whales, escape from ice-packs, outwit unfriendly natives, kill savage Eskimo dogs, and otherwise strenuously pass their days for a year and a half before each gains a fortune in the Alaska gold diggings and returns in triumph and safety to his New England home.

Young Man Entering Business (The). By Orison Swett Marden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 379 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Reserved for later notice.

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Correspondence

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I think there must be a great many of your readers who, like myself, owe a great deal to the suggestive and illuminating leaders you so often give us in The Outlook who also, like myself, are left in profound perplexity by those articles on "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" and were hoping that something more would be said upon it in a later issue.

For many minds abstract principles can never be quite clearly apprehended except as they apply to concrete practice, and some of us would very much like to know how what seems to be the principle you lay down would work out in daily life. I confess I was sorry you did not directly answer your second correspondent's query as to Monica, Jerry McAuley, Paul, and "every great religious leader from the time of the Apostles down to the days of Moody and Henry Drummond." Were these all mistaken in using "all the direct personal influence they could command to lead men one by one to become disciples of Jesus Christ"?

You defend preaching "to those who wish to listen." Has the example of Ezekiel, sent to prophesy "whether they would hear or whether they would forbear," and that of Isaiah and Jeremiah working under similar conditions, nothing of inspiration for the modern Christian worker? The wife of the great James Chalmers, writing from Sagvare, New Guinea, says: "The people do not want us, but Tamate says for that very reason we must stay." Was this noble and successful missionary mistaken?

You say, "It is a universal principle that no man has any right to go to another with the assumption, I am right and you are wrong." I utterly fail to see this. Supposing "I" am a humble and honest Christian and "you" are a profligate, where is the wrong of "assuming" what both sides know to be the truth?

Of course Christ's example is the great law. But is not the "argument from silence" which you use utterly unreliable? And is there nothing in his story of the king's servants sent to "constrain them to come in" of example for the Christian worker?

I write in no caviling spirit, but in deepest respect. The three texts quoted do not seem an answer. The application of the two latter seems forced. Perhaps I mistake the trend of your editorial, and perhaps, therefore, these questions are beside the mark. I am perplexed, and I do not think I am alone. Will you not return to the subject?

E. T. B.

Gaylordsville, Connecticut.

I Am Not My Brother's Keeper

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Having followed with interest the editorials and letters upon "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" I would like to add a word. I agree with your position, because I think I understand it. Dissecting it, or taking the mere letter of it, I think I can see how it would be possible to wrench from it such a superficial view as that taken by your correspondents in the issue for September 26. But that which you teach is certainly truth—brother may lead or teach brother, but no brother has the right of dictation or coercion. Such was the conception given to me by your article. That each one's influence as exerted by his life is greater than that exerted by his words is proved by the criticism sometimes heard respecting a preacher: "Let him practice what he preaches." One of your correspondents referred to several eminent preachers to support his argument. The same names would as readily support yours; for was not the perpetuity of their words made possible by the influence of their lives? And surely St. Monica's prayers and the influence of her life were necessary to make her words effectual.

The influence of life cannot be too highly emphasized. In these days of strenuosity the real strenuousness is side-tracked in the strife of superficial-

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ity. For such it is, alas! Mere words are taken as entities, and the spirit which energizes the words is left unsought and unappreciated. And this superficiality is called "practicalness"! Existence is called Life! And the real life—the eternality of man—is left uncared for by the modern man, because he fails to study the genuine influence of the individual—of personality upon personality, soul upon soul. That to which *you* refer, I take it, is not the superficial, but the real; is the influence of man upon man, not man upon men. Men long for the living voice of man; but man hungers for the heart and life of man. Men would repudiate the accusation that they are worshiping a dead Jesus, drawn to him by the medium of his words, rather than a living Jesus, drawn to him by the influence of his life. The Outlook is correct. If we would lift the world to better and holier things, it must be by *deeds*, not words; by the influence of life, not the effusions of the proof of existence.

CHARLES NOYES TYNDELL.

Cape Vincent, New York.

I Am My Brother's Brother

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I agree with you that *I am not my brother's keeper*—but, as a dear friend said to me years ago, *I am my brother's brother.* As brothers there are many things in which we have a common interest, in which I welcome from him words of counsel, of encouragement, or of warning, and in which he has a right to expect such words from me. I have received much such brotherly help and have tried to give it. I recall no case, when it was done as a brother rather than as an overseer or keeper, where the words were not gratefully received. Never have they been regarded as attempted interference with one's liberty of conscience. The following from the resolutions of Jonathan Edwards, quoted on page 28 of his life by Dr. Allen, contains at least part of the secret:

"In order to a completer victory over all evil in himself, he will take it for granted that no one is so evil as himself (cf. Paul, 'sinners of which I am chief'); he will identify himself with all other men, and act as if their evil was his own, as if he had committed the same sins, and had the same infirmities, so that the knowledge of their failings will promote in him nothing but a sense of shame." OLIVER HART BRONSON.

Simsbury, Connecticut.

From Charles Wagner

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In Charles Wagner's "The Better Way" is a passage so exactly in keeping with the statements of your recent editorial "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" as to be a strong contemporary support of the ideas therein advanced. Of their truth there can be no question.

(Rev.) W. W. LOVEJOY.

Oakland, California.

The passage is as follows:

It is the current practice to dominate the consciences of others. Each one interferes to point out the motive which he thinks should determine a course of action. Parents override the consciences of their children; they replace their rightful authority by abuse of their privilege as elders; they deform the character of their own flesh and blood. The churches act in like manner. On all sides souls are being sacrificed to conformity. Scripture says, "Thou shalt not pass the razor over the heads of my prophets." But these are they whose heads are shaven oftenest; nay, more, their mouths are stopped. Coerce no one; do not seek to proselyte. To dominate the spirit of another is an immoral action. Simply make light; illumine life by that clearness which the highest love sheds abroad. Then your influence will be for freedom, will carry life with it, will be creative of new activity and of personal conviction. Then you will not quench the light of the spirit, and instead of converting some of your fellows into automatons and certain soul-germs into mummies, you will help them to be born anew into the higher life.

Child Labor Legislation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The editorial reference in your issue of October 10 to the admirable child labor legislation in New York which has just gone into effect describes this legislation as the culmination of a movement begun four years ago by Mr. Thomas Campbell-Copeland. Those who have followed closely the movement for advanced legislation initiated and carried on by the Child Labor Committee will know that this is one of the rare

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instances in which The Outlook has inadvertently failed to give credit where credit is due.

The initiation of this movement has no possible connection with the abortive attempt to form a new society made by Mr. Campbell-Copeland four years ago, and I doubt whether many of those who have been instrumental in framing or supporting the new laws have so much as heard of this gentleman.

The Executive Committee in immediate charge of the recent agitation for the enactment of a new law, and who are still active in securing its enforcement, are Robert Hunter, Felix Adler, George W. Alger, W. H. Baldwin, Jr., S. B. Donnelly, John Hammond, Florence Kelley, V. Everit Macy, W. H. Maxwell, Thomas M. Mulry, J. K. Paulding, Charles Sprague Smith, W. English Walling, and Lillian D. Wald. The Secretary of the Committee is Fred S. Hall, who has an office at 170 Fifth Avenue.

EDWARD T. DEVINE,
General Secretary Charity Organization Society.

Forestry

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am glad to see that you take an interest in arousing by your editorials public attention to the subject of forestry, and I am sure you will be glad to correct any erroneous notions regarding the professional side of forestry that may naturally creep into such discussions. In your editorial comment on page 968 (issue of August 22) you say: "Of course the system advocated by the Bureau is that which exists in Germany and Switzerland, namely, the cutting only of those trees which will afford a maximum of the kind of timber required, the small trees developing in their turn, and the cut-over land being gradually reforested by the planting of new trees. In those countries, for every tree cut a new one must be planted."

These two sentences contain two pieces of misinformation.

There is hardly ten per cent. of the forest area of Germany managed under the system to which you refer, the so-called "selection" forest, because it has long been recognized as less efficient than other systems, especially the system of removing the entire old crop at once and replacing it by planting. There is no such obligation, as we have been again and again erroneously told by the newspapers, on the part of German private forest-owners to "plant one tree for every one cut." If such a provision existed, it would be a very poor one and would by no means do what it is supposed to be intended for, namely, to keep up a timber supply. In a fully stocked German timber forest ready for the ax there are at best not more than two hundred and fifty trees found on an acre; but in order to get the branchless bole which fits these trees for lumber manufacture it was necessary to plant on that same acre originally two thousand or more little seedlings, which will be gradually reduced to the two hundred and fifty through the struggle for light, and by that struggle those remaining are forced into the desirable form. The rule, therefore, should be, and the practice by those who *voluntarily* adopt forestry methods is, to plant, not one tree for every one cut, but eight to ten or more.

In this connection it will be of interest to your readers to know that the New York State College of Forestry which has just been abandoned because it adopted the most approved system of silviculture, namely, replacing an old unsatisfactory wood crop by a superior planted one, has during its short career planted approximately in the above proportion, and if given time would have doubled the ratio. It is evident that the collapse of the College, so far as it was not a result of personal or political influences, was due to misconceptions regarding forestry methods, such as are exhibited in the two sentences which I have taken the liberty of criticising.

B. E. FERNOW,
Late Director of New York State College of Forestry at Cornell University.

[The phrase which Dr. Fernow criticises should have contained the words "parts of," and not have conveyed to our readers (as it unwittingly did convey) the idea that the system which we particularized obtained throughout the entire extent of Germany and Switzerland. It does obtain, however, in impor-

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tant regions of those countries, and hence, as the paragraph stated, has become known as "the system which exists in Germany and Switzerland."—THE EDITORS.]

The Exhibit of Vacation Schools

For ten days lately the New York City Board of Education showed the work of its vacation schools, attracting less attention than the exhibit deserved. The first impression is one of gladness that the taste evidenced in its arrangement has been employed in training the children. Baskets of every conceivable shape and color are displayed against a wall hung with natural raffia. The gallery rail is decorated with hemp fiber, exquisitely dyed and combined.

Two small boys volunteered as guides, themselves unconsciously a fine "exhibit." They were from Gran' an' Essex Streets. Three years of vacation schools had taught them "the joy of working" and generous appreciation of the work of others. "Vacation's too long when you ain't got anything to do!" "There's my shine-box; ain't that good and strong? You gotter be *careful* about your work, you know!" The beauty of simplicity and suitability had been taught. The manufacture of some articles had been an education in their use. "This here's a knife-box, to put your knives and forks in." "Ain't that chair caned good? *That'll* wear." "A good many of the fellows has sold some of their things they made. Folks can *use* 'em." "My sister's got a hat like this [raffia]. She made it to the school and she's wore it all summer." "Say, don't *you* think the girls sew good?"

They do indeed. Ninety hours of sewing during the six weeks make possible far better results than the broken work of the whole school year. Neat little dresses were shown; dolls' bedsteads fitted with mattress, pillows, sheets, comfortables, yea, even pillow-shams, daintily hemstitched by patient little fingers. Some of the makers never saw any other bed properly equipped and made up. One small girl stood gazing adoringly at her handiwork. At thirty she will not spend hours hanging out of her window in contented contemplation of the street while unkempt children quarrel in a disorderly room.

In embroidery the teachers have tried to develop design in the children, and have found their suggestiveness astonishing. Here, too, the work is practical—towels, collars, dress-trimmings of bead-work or effective stitching. The millinery is wonderful. Positions paying four dollars or more at first have been won by scholars whose only alternative would have been the harder work and smaller pay of the cash girl. A cook-book in childish script bore on its first page this quotation from Frances Willard: "The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world more homelike." The recipes were "for the kind of food we can buy and can cook on our own stoves"—bread, potatoes, gingerbread, custards, etc.

The exhibit includes the work of kindergarten and "connecting" classes, the latter for children seven or eight years old. Nature-work flourished here especially.

Particularly suggestive were the "model farms" in boxes three feet by two. In one, a story-and-a-half cottage faced the highroad with its realistic telegraph-poles. Fields were neatly fenced off, a card in each specifying its imaginary crop. "Barley, 7 acres;" "Pasture, 10 acres" (with a "spring" in one corner!), "Buckwheat," "Wheat," "Woods, Chestnut, Hemlock, Pine;" "Kitchen-garden," boasting a well; even a "Peach Orchard, finest in U. S. A." Poor little tenement-dwelling Moritz Somethingsky, aged eleven. May his peaches come true!

Statistics of this summer's work are not yet complete. But there were fifty-five schools as against thirty-five last year, and the enrollment nearly doubled. Civic pride was stimulated by personally conducted excursions to historic points out of school hours. And the training of eye and hand, however important, was only a part of the mental and ethical development of these little citizens. CAROLINE D. CAMP.

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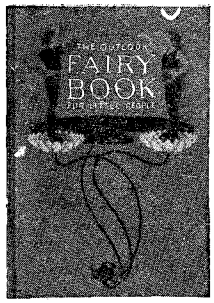

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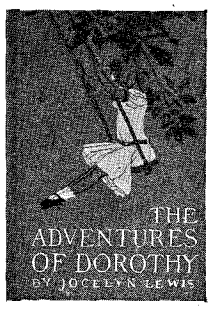

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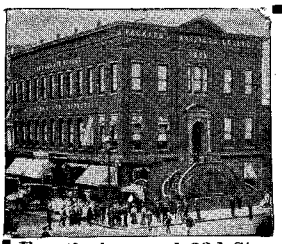

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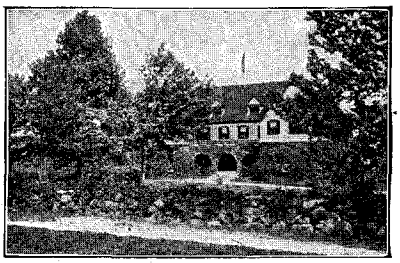

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